

# THE AURORA

AUGUST, 1858.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A MISER; OR THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

CONCLUDED.

For the third time I was visited by that dreadful prostration of all my powers, which had twice before brought me to the brink of the grave. My brain reeled—my eyes swam—all the blood in my body seemed rushing with torrent-like fury to my head, and bursting with irrepressible violence from every possible vent. The next moment I lay senseless at the feet of my ill-judging mother, and my unhappy son.

For many weeks I was confined to a bed of sickness. A sort of stupor fell upon me; I was conscious of what was passing around me, but I had not the power of making known my consciousness, and my eyes, too, were totally darkened, so that I could not distinguish between day and night. My mother nursed me with the tenderest care, and there was often a light step round my bed, and a hand of feminine softness upon my brow, which I knew must be the step and hand of my son. Words cannot describe the sensations that thrilled me when I felt him near me. The love which I had so long hoarded up in my heart—the horror which I felt at finding that treasured love had been lavished upon an idiot—the sudden and awful overthrow of all my ambitious hopes—the sickening recollection of my ill-gotten, and now useless,

wealth—all united to awaken emotions which made my very soul quiver beneath his gentle touch. At times I heard his sweet voice warbling, in some distant corner of my apartment, snatches of old ballads, or wild melodies, for which he framed words as he sung—words wild and incoherent, but full of gentle and tender feeling. Had he been a stranger, my soul would have yearned towards the helpless and interesting boy; but the destruction of my own proud hopes was too present with me, and my heart grew faint as I listened to his flute-like tones.

At length I was once more enabled to leave my couch, but my eyes were still darkened; the violence of my disease had spent its strength upon my sight; and it was a matter of doubt with my physicians whether I would ever recover that inestimable gift. I was, however, able to leave my room, and, led by my mother, or some attendant, began to take short walks about the lawn. I soon found that my boy's light step was generally beside me. His naturally tender disposition enabled him readily to learn the lesson of affection which my mother taught him during my illness; and, as he gradually overcame his timidity, I often felt his soft hand in mine, as he gently

urged me towards some favorite retreat. Strange as it may seem, it was with the utmost difficulty I could endure his presence. A vague horror thrilled my frame whenever he approached me, and it required all my self-command to conceal it. It was long before I could summon resolution to inquire why this dreadful affliction had not been made known to me. The child's health was such during infancy as to preclude any hope of prolonged life. Several years of course elapsed before they could accurately ascertain his unhappy situation; and when at length suspicion became certainty, the belief that the delicacy of his constitution had assuredly destined him to early death, prevented my mother from afflicting me with the tidings of his mental imbecility. She at first trusted that the death, which continually menaced him, might spare me the pain of learning his distressing situation; and when, at last, she found that his improved health rendered it necessary that I should be made acquainted with the truth, she shrank from the painful task, and deferred it from day to day, as if the blow would be lighter from being so long suspended. I did not blame her; the mischief could not now be repaired. What might have been my situation, had I known the truth, it was vain now to imagine. Now all was lost—the infirmities of premature age were upon me—I was a wretched worn-out man—the widowed father of an idiot boy—the heirless possessor of incalculable wealth.

Slowly my sight returned to me, and then did I learn to love my helpless son. His face was the face of his sweet mother; the liquid blue eye—the rosy lip—the transparent complexion—all were hers—even to the delicately moulded hand and foot. Such a face in a picture would have seemed the portrait of a beautiful female. The prevailing expression was pensiveness, and it was only in moments of glee, when chasing the butterfly, or snatching at the honey-bee, that his vacant look of imbecile mirth transformed his beautiful countenance into that of a gibbering idiot. Had he died then, methinks my punishment would have been sufficiently severe; but an all-wise Providence had decreed that he should be the innocent instrument of torture to my guilty spirit. Think what must have been the

anguish with which I looked on him, surrounded by all those useless luxuries with which my vanity had encompassed him. To see him wandering, with vacant look, through the painted halls and marble staircases, or seated at a table loaded with rich plate and costly dainties, but, with infantile helplessness, receiving every mouthful from the hands of an attendant. No one can imagine the passionate pleasure which I once felt in thus lavishing upon him all the superfluities of wealth, and no one can form an idea, therefore, how all these trifling circumstances added to the bitterness of my punishment.

Yet, he was one of the purest and gentlest creatures that ever dwelt on this dark earth. Guileless as at the hour of his birth, he seemed to have inherited, with his mother's beauty, all her meekness and tenderness. Many a time have I looked upon him, as he was walking beside me, with downcast eye and pensive brow, and almost deemed it impossible that so rich a casket should be destitute of the precious gem of intellect. Many a time has a faint hope dawned in my heart that it might not be irreversibly lost, when a sudden bound after a passing butterfly, or a leap into the thicket after a flower, would chase all expression from his countenance, and he would return with the blank smile or meaningless gravity of hopeless idiocy.

He lived long enough to knit my heart to him with a tender and strange affection; and then, as the finishing stroke of punishment, he fell beneath the long suspended dart of death.

About a fortnight before his decease he accidentally discovered the miniature of his mother, which I always wore about my neck; uttering a wild cry of joy, he snapped asunder the ribbon to which it was suspended, and, tying it to his own neck, refused to relinquish it. When I endeavored to ascertain his meaning, I learned from his wild rhapsodies that, night after night, such a form visited his dreams. "She comes to me," said he, "and kisses me, and points to the stars, and when she leaves me beckons me to go with her—and oh! I do so long to go." This little incident deeply affected me. I allowed him to keep the picture, and hour after hour he would sit gazing on his treasure.

He died even as a rose falls from its stem. No sickness, no fevered pulse, no glazing eye, gave notice of his approaching dissolution. We were seated one evening in the large window which looked out upon the lawn, when suddenly I recollect that it was his birth-day. Just seventeen years before, I had been transported with delight by the tidings that I was a father. My emotions overpowered me, and covering my face with my hands, I gave free vent to my tears. I felt his arm upon my neck, and his soft lip upon my forehead, but still I stirred not. At length he stretched himself at my feet, and laid his head on my knee, as he was wont to do, when overpowered with slumber. I removed my hands from my face, and looked on him; his cheek was paler than usual, but his eyes were closed in such deep repose that I scarcely breathed lest I should disturb him. Suddenly he raised his hand, and, without opening his eyes, pointed to the star which was just rising in the heavens: "She is there," murmured he. With a strange feeling of mingled awe and tenderness I gazed intently upon his face—such a change came over it as only one fearful hand can make—my idiot boy was dead!

Little more remains to be told. I left my country, never to return. I have been a restless wanderer, have visited every land, and made myself familiar with every nation. My sympathies have become, at length, like those of the devotee, whose heart is turned to stone in the very attitude of kneeling in passionate worship before his idol. O, God! what is left for me on the bed of death?—I defer even to that gloomy and cheerless hour, "*the eleventh hour*" of my probation—the appropriate work of a life. Let the appalling confessions of that hour be the sequel of my story.

#### FLOWERS.

They bring me tales of youth, and tones of love; And 'tis, and ever was, my wish and way To let all flowers live freely, and all die, Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart, Among their kindred in their native place. I never pluck the rose; the violet's head Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank, And not reproached me; the ever-sacred cup Of the pure lily hath, between my hands, Felt safe, unscil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.

#### THE RETIRED CAT.

A Poet's Cat, sedate and grave  
As poet well could wish to have,  
Was much addicted to inquire  
For nooks to which she might retire,  
And where, secure as mouse in chink,  
She might repose, or sit and think.  
I know not where she caught the trick—  
Nature perhaps herself had cast her  
In such a mould *philosophique*,  
Or else she learn'd it of her master.  
Sometimes ascending, debonair,  
An apple-tree, or lofty pear,  
Lodg'd with convenience in the fork,  
She watch'd the gard'ner at his work,  
Sometimes her ease and solace sought  
In an old empty wat'ring pot,  
There, wanting nothing, save a fan,  
To seem some nymph in her sedan,  
Apparel'd in exactest sort,  
And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change it seems has place  
Not only in our wiser race;  
Cats also feel, as well as we,  
That passion's force, and so did she.  
Her climbing, she began to find,  
Exposed her too much to the wind,  
And the old utensil of tin  
Was cold and comfortless within:  
She, therefore, wish'd instead of those  
Some place of more serene repose,  
Where neither cold might come, nor air  
To rudely wanton with her hair,  
And sought it in the likeliest mode  
Within her master's snug abode.

A draw'r, it chanc'd at bottom lin'd  
With linen of the softest kind,  
With such as merchants introduce  
From India, for the ladies' use,  
A draw'r impending o'er the rest,  
Half open in the topmost chest,  
Of depth enough, and none to spare,  
Invited her to slumber there:  
Puss with delight, beyond expression,  
Survey'd the scene, and took possession:  
Recumbent at her ease, ere long,  
And lull'd by her own humdrum song,  
She left the cares of life behind,  
And slept as she would sleep her last,  
When in came, housewifely inclin'd,  
The chambermaid, and shut it fast,  
By no malignity impell'd,  
But all unconscious whom it held.

Awaken'd by the shock, (cried puss)  
"Was ever eat attended thus!  
The open draw was left I see,

Merely to prove a nest for me,  
For soon as I was well compos'd,  
Then came the maid, and it was clos'd.  
How smooth these 'kerchiefs and how sweet:  
Oh, what a delicate retreat!  
I will resign myself to rest  
'Till Sol declining in the west  
Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,  
Susan will come and let me out.

The evening came, the sun descended,  
And Puss remain'd still unattended.  
The night roll'd tardily away,  
(With her indeed 'twas never day,)  
The sprightly morn her course renew'd,  
The evening gray again ensu'd,  
And Puss came into mind no more,  
Than if entomb'd the day before.  
With hunger pinch'd, and pinch'd for room,  
She now presag'd approaching doom,  
Nor slept a single wink, or purr'd,  
Conscious of jeopardy incur'd!

That night, by chance, the poet watching,  
Heard an inexplicable scratching;  
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,  
And to himself he said—"What's that?"  
He drew the curtain at his side,  
And forth he peep'd, but nothing spied,  
Yet, by his ear directed, guess'd  
Something imprison'd in the chest,  
And, doubtful what, with prudent care  
Resolv'd it should continue there.  
At length a voice which well he knew,  
A long and melancholy mew,  
Saluting his poetick ears,  
Consol'd him, and dispell'd his fears;  
He left his bed, he trod the floor,  
He 'gan in haste the draw'rs t' explore,  
The lowest first, and without stop  
The rest in order to the top.  
For 'tis a truth well known to most,  
That whatsoever thing is lost,  
We seek it, ere it come to light,  
In ev'ry cranny but the right.  
Forth skipp'd the cat, not now replete  
As erst with airy self-conceit,  
Nor in her own fond apprehension  
A theme for all the world's attention,  
But modest, sober, cur'd of all  
Her notions hyperbolical,  
And wishing for a place of rest,  
Any thing rather than a chest.  
Then stepp'd the poet into bed  
With this reflection in his head.

## MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense  
Of your own worth and consequence,  
The man who dreams himself so great,  
And his importance of such weight,

That all around in all that's done  
Must move and act for Him alone,  
We learn in school of tribulation  
The folly of his expectation.

For the Aurora.

## COMMEMORATIVE SKETCHES.

## CONTINUED.

The following, to Rev. Mr. Vinton—the last addressed to his missionary brethren—bears date of June 18th, 1837. It was delayed till October and was then accompanied by one from his bereaved widow, which we also insert:

BANKOK, June 18, 1837.

"Like you, I can speak of labors which demand all my time, interesting too from the fact that, if it pleases the Master to prolong my life, I hope one day to proclaim the love of Christ intelligibly to the poor Chinese. The language (by far the most difficult of any on earth) demands all my energies; and, though my progress is slow, I bless God that I am not quite dumb. I have daily worship with my teacher, and others in my employ, and an additional service on the Lord's day. Sometimes others are in. I also do a little at tract distribution, but with comparatively little faith; for there have been distributed here multitudes of Chinese books, which seem to have been lost, as in an ocean. Will you give me your views respecting the relative importance between tracts and preaching?

I rejoice in the success attending the Karen Mission, and hope that while encountering Chinese bigotry, ignorance and imposition, and especially while shut out of the Empire, I may not envy my more favored brethren. Indeed, I have the field of my choice, though not exactly the location I could desire. There seems little practicability of entering China by any part of the coast. You request me to write respecting 'love for sou's.' What need I? you yourself are taught of God. *Dead* and *stupid* though I am my *sentiments* are in accordance with yours; and wherever we look we see the fact that whatever a man sows he also reaps. The man who turns his whole mind to any particular calling will seldom fail to excel. Among missionaries he who gives his mind to translations

multiplies versions of the Bible ; he that is so disposed sends forth abundance of tracts, another superintends a few schools, more or less ; while still another is perhaps content to maintain his standing with the Board that sends him, and write a fair journal and a few good letters. There are others yet, who, drinking deep of the 'river of life,' and fired with zeal enkindled by love, love of souls, cannot rest unless souls are being turned to the Lord. To translate a portion of truth, to write a tract, a vocabulary or elementary work, though important each may be, does not satisfy them. Like J. B. Taylor, and others, their cry is, 'Give me souls ! give me souls !' O, that this number were greatly multiplied, for, as great as are the obstacles in the missionary's way, faith and love, and effort—the three-fold cord—would overcome them all, and God would avenge his own elect. Alas ! are not too many satisfied without conversions ? And if God should pour out his spirit in its converting influence they would be disappointed, for it has not been the burden of their prayers and labors. O for such a flame of love as to burn out sin and self, and set me about my Master's business, just as he would have me. *The future to me is all unknown.* I have been here a year, and, for aught I know, may be one or two longer. However, I am not at home. I want to see the cross planted in the heart of China, and to this work I am pledged. Pray for me. Do mention me in particular to the Father, in connection with the myriads of Chine, and believe me, ever yours in a precious Saviour.

BANGKOK, October 8, 1837.

J. H. VINTON:

"*My Dear Brother and Sister Vinton :—* Little did I think, when this sheet was laid aside for me to fill, what the nature of the intelligence would be which I should communicate. But, painful as it is, I must say that the heart which indited the preceding has ceased to beat, and the hand which wrote it is motionless in death. Yes, my dear friends, God has removed my beloved husband from my embrace, and from his labors among the degraded heathen ere he had scarce commenced them. I know 'His ways are right, though His judgments seem severe,' and can say, 'Though I am cast

down, yet I am not yet destroyed.' Oh, that my bleeding, aching heart may be healed by the hand which has smitten, for truly there is help in no other.

Many things concerning the death of my dear lamented husband you will doubtless hear from the pen of others ; but, according to my space and time, I will mention particulars. His disease was dysentery, with ulcers. He was taken sick July 4th, but after this was convalescent. On the 31st of July he took a cold, which threw him into a fever, and put him back for about two weeks. On the 14th of August, however, we visited our brethren and sisters, after an absence from their dwellings of nearly a month and a half. We soon concluded to come and occupy the dwelling vacated by Brother Dean, in his absence at Singapore, on account of his health. In removing my dear husband exerted himself beyond his strength, and as soon as Tuesday, 22d, had an eruption of ulcers. On Wednesday at noon he was taken with hiccoughs, which troubled him much until Friday night, when his raging fever, with the extreme irritability of his nerves, etc., led us to believe that death was near. Before morning, however, these symptoms were abated, and his hiccoughs stopped. On Monday he enjoyed seasons of perfect rationality, and held several conversations with servants, and others. About 10 or 11 at night he became raving, and continued so an hour or so, when his strength was exhausted ; he fell into a sleep, and the friends were called in to see him die. He revived, however, and whispered in a wild unintelligible manner until morning.—Through the day he enjoyed his reason perfectly ; many times, by motions, requested prayers, and expressed, by his countenance, much sympathy for me. As late as 12 he tried to return my kiss, but was unable. He also expressed his anxiety for the natives who stood around him, looking first at them and then at the missionaries, as much as to say to the latter 'Labor for these souls.' Some time in the afternoon he manifested a desire to give us each the parting hand, which he did, and soon after exclaimed, 'Come Jesus.' As I spoke of the victory Christ had obtained over death, he said, 'Mercy !' which was the last word he distinctly uttered. As the glories of

Heaven began to open upon him he spent a long time in gazing upward and pointing with his finger. Into these glories he soon entered, for at 4 o'clock his happy spirit took its flight to the bosom of *his father and our father, of his God and our God*. As the last breath departed Brother Jones repeated—

“Happy soul, thy days are ended,” etc.

Angels, no doubt, rejoiced at the sight, but *my spirit was wrung with anguish*. Your sympathy and your prayers, my dear brother and sister, I know I shall enjoy, that *my deep afflictions* may be sanctified to the good of my soul, and that I may be better prepared for my Master's service on earth is my sincere desire and prayer to God. I have yet to commence my studies, as there is no object in my studying Chinese longer. This would be a severe trial in the absence of a greater, but *God has done it, and not man*, therefore, ‘It is well.’

J. G. E. REED.”

In a letter to her mother, Mrs. R., after dwelling at length upon the touching, yea, heart-rending scenes through which she was called to pass, says: ‘Thus died my precious husband, and I can say, ‘Let my last end be like his.’ On Wednesday morning we assembled at the dwelling of Brother Jones, and heard from his lips some appropriate remarks from a part of the 15th chapter of John, commencing at the 15th verse. He afterwards addressed a large company of natives, including our servants, in a very affecting manner. The mortal remains of my dear, beloved husband were then deposited in their lowly bed to await the final resurrection, I returned to my house to weep and pray. O my mother, my mother! forget me not at a ‘throne of grace.’ The following, from Rev. Mr. Dean, written while on his passage to America bearing his motherless daughter, will be read with interest by all who can appreciate the experience, both of the writer and her to whom it was addressed:

BRIG. FANNY, on the Bar, }  
Sept. 1, 1837. }

DEAR SISTER RED:—The solemn circumstances under which I took leave of you at Bangkok have produced a deep impression upon my mind. I have thought of

you in your affliction often, and prayed for you much, and trust that God, who was your support during your dear husband's illness and death, still continues his aid and his smiles. With this you are happy in spite of all circumstance which, in His hand of mercy, only have a tendency to increase your joy, by pressing you nearer the fountain of peace. You now probably know better how you feel in view of your loss than you could when I saw you. Then the excitement of the occasion had not passed away—you had just yielded up your dear husband to the arms of his waiting Saviour, you had just seen him take his departure “to yonder world of joy,” and you had scarcely recovered from the influence of the occasion to know the greatness of your loss or the richness of your consolations. But you have since, probably, been able to look at the subject as a matter of fact; and, I trust, have found grace equal to your day and enjoyment adapted to your wants. As mitigations of your grief it may be profitable for you to reflect that your dear husband is happier than you could render him, under the most favorable circumstances, on earth. That he has gone to Him who loves him more than you ever did; that he left the world willingly and joyfully, having deliberately made all his arrangements for the important change; that it was the will of your Father, and that He has some good design for him and for yourself in taking him away just at the time, and under the attendant circumstances which he did, and that the time of your separation is short, and that you will soon enjoy a union happy and forever. Let these thoughts, with the multitude of others which are calculated to allay your sorrows, sustain and comfort you in this time of sore trial. And do not forget that the same support you need now will be necessary in time to come; for the loss you have now sustained, instead of losing its freshness by time, will only increase as time is increased by months and years. Still your joys may increase with a sense of your loss. I have traveled a part of the journey you now have before you. I have tasted some of the sweet fruits and felt some of the pricking thorns that grow by the way. It has been a portion of my history, affording an opportunity for profitable reflection; it has been rich in

consolation, and furnished me an experience of God's goodness and faithfulness which it might have been difficult to learn under other circumstances. I have been able to feel uniformly that God was good in what he gives us and in what he takes away. I have reason to believe that while you are placed in similar circumstances and having the same God of grace to resort to, will secure equal or superabounding consolations. For, if we are not perfectly happy, it is not because God is unable or unwilling to render us so. I rejoice that you are amidst friends to feel for you, and who will spare no efforts in their power to render your condition comfortable and happy. While you will doubtless receive these consolations with gratitude, you will depend mostly upon God directly for your enjoyments and support.

I hope you will find yourself able to afford a little encouragement to the little Chinese church, which, while it will be affording essential aid to the cause of Christ, will give to your own mind a healthful exercise, and leave less opportunity for an undue attention to the loss you have recently sustained. The best way to live in happiness and die with satisfaction is to have something to do for God every day we live."

From many letters received, bearing consolations to a stricken heart, we select a few. The following was from Mr. S. Peck, of the Baptist Missionary Rooms, Boston:

DEAR SISTER.—I cannot allow the present opportunity to pass (short as the notice is) without conveying to you some expression of my deep sympathy in your affliction. It is but a few days since the painful tidings reached us in a letter from Mr. Dean, and you have been there many months a solitary mourning widow. But God has not waited, we trust, for our prayers, but prompt as your need, has come to your support, and has imparted to you consolations neither few nor small. May He still be with you—your Maker and husband, and by the communications of His own love assuage the bitterness of your bereavement.

Commending you to the gracious protection and guidance of our heavenly father, and praying that if it be His will, you may

be able to perform a valuable service in the Mission with which you are connected, before you are called to your reward.

Your faithful friend and brother,  
S. PECK.

### TAKE EXERCISE.

Do you hear, cross grained, lazy dyspeptic? take exercise. We firmly believe that many a case of chronic ugliness might be cured through the means of this invaluable agent. Your blood is stagnant, and do you want to know how this affects you? Take a microscope and look over to yonder pool. Day after day, week after week, it has been standing there. What do you see? green scum, yellow scum, worms, tadpoles, spiders and creeping things innumerable; while the smell—but we won't mention that. Now come on this side, here is running water. Beneath it the sand is clear and bright; no insects infest it—no scum breeds disease upon its surface. See it sparkle as the sun lights its depths. How fresh and clear and beautiful it is! imparting life, loveliness and health. But you, O, apathetic grumbler and long-faced sensualist, you are the standing pool, full of corruption. Get up and shake off your sloth. Send that dead, black blood, through the channels of your body; let it come up to your sallow cheeks in red waves; let it tingle in your palms and course through the veins in your temples, smoothing out the wrinkles there.

Take exercise you silly girl, lounging about with the headache and neuralgia, and heart disease. See how your face glows at the mention of a ball with what alacrity you go to your dressmaker! How fresh you are for shopping! but these things over, and the stupid list, the fretful sigh, the eternal complaining goes its round again. Do you know how much enjoyment you lose? Hear Betty singing in the kitchen. Coarse, ungraceful, ignorant as she is, God looks upon her with more favor than upon you. She is filling up the measure of her life; you are wasting yours. She is living for something; doing good to somebody; you are ruining yourself, soul and body, and living to the injury of those around you. Yes, you injure them by your un-

gracious words your repinings, your moody frowns: you live not only to do no good but to do positive injury. What is heaven to you? What are the blue glad skies, the green trees, the wild, dancing winds, the fragrant flowers to such as you? Your mind is blank—your society a vacuum. Take exercise. Exercise not only your limbs, but the affection and the principles God has given you. Set yourself to work to make the household happy. Take a portion of care from somebody. Don't come down to your death-bed to feel that you are going before all heaven to be called an unfaithful steward. Happiness, like every other good, must be sought for. Some people to be sure, are born like sunshine. They can't help being pleasant and sportive and light-hearted; but these are like the visits of the angels, few and far between, and always monopolized. Emulate them; they are sent for patterns, and with some effort you can cull as many flowers and catch as many sun-beams as they.

Did you ever spring upon the back of a fleet steed, just as the day sent its rosy flush over the brow of the hills? If so, you know the delight, the keen enjoyment such exercise affords. The lungs take their fill of the pure morning air, and rise and fall unrestricted by walls and steam and airtights and furnaces. The blood tingles along the veins and calls the nerves up for a frolic; the chest expands, the cheeks glow, the lips part, and echoing peals of laughter ring from their rosy portals. And so a walk at the same hour, though not quite as exhilarating, is quite as full of a similar pleasure. The winds play more gently, the pulses are quieter; there is more room for meditation, the laugh is changed to a smile, the glow of the blood is more equal; but the wonders of nature come more immediately under observation. Here is a gentle violet, there a crowned turf of grass or moss; here some object claims sympathy; there another, admiration. The still dwellings afford a chance for speculation; you wonder, if there, where the blinds are shut and the curtain is down, death reigns, or sickness distracts. You ask yourself whether the sweet face that you meet is bride or maiden. You come to some old homestead and wonder how many years have stolen over its venerable front,

how many coffins have been carried from its threshold; how many weddings celebrated in its antique parlors. During the walk; the mind is busy, and the limbs are not idle. One lays in a fresh stock of air and sunlight and happiness, and returns home not to mope, to murmur and distress the household generally.

Ho! all ye dull repining mortals; come come ye to the resolution that you will give your blood a quicker circulation—your hearts will be sooner purified and made mete for the joys, and strong for the trials of life.

#### THE WIFE'S MISTAKE.

The carriage stopped at the door, and, in a few minutes, Margaret Hale entered the apartment, where her husband sat wholly absorbed in poring over day-books and ledgers. "These tiresome accounts still!" She exclaimed. "Will you ever find time for any thing but business, Ralph? Have you no taste for any thing beyond figures?"

"Margaret!" but the sadness in the tone was unheeded as she continued—

"We had such a charming evening at Mrs. C.'s. Capt. Hill related many interesting incidents of his residence in Egypt, and Mr. Warren, the famous young poet, read "Maud," and some of the most beautiful passages in "Aurora Leigh." I must read to you some of Romney's "Great Thoughts on Duty."

She went hastily to her chamber for the volume. When she returned, her quiet entrance was unheard by her husband, whose pen was rapidly moving over the almost interminable columns of figures. With an expression of impatience, almost of scorn, resting on her face, she hastily turned away.

"And this is the end of all my dreams of marriage," said she, as she reached her room. "He has a taste for drudgery. His pursuits and tastes are all common-place, and I must go from home to find the sympathy I need, to find those who will appreciate, with me, the books I love, and the beautiful in art for which he has neither eye nor ear. Why did he not marry a woman who had neither heart nor mind to be continually unsatisfied?"

In the room she had left, Ralph Hale sat hour after hour till his brain was weary, and his eyelids drooped. Then laying aside his books, he remained a long time in deep thought.

"God bless my Margaret," he prayed, "and give me strength to bear all things. Give me power to make her happy."

Putting away all thought of her husband's real nobleness of character, jealously preserving the memory of every slight difference in their tastes and pursuits, Margaret cherished the spirit of discontent, till it embittered every hour of her life, and sent suffering she never dreamed of to the heart of her husband, who would gladly have sacrificed every earthly good for her happiness.

A sudden and severe sickness came to her, while Ralph was in a distant city. One day during her slow recovery the aged Minister, was sitting by her side.

"Margaret" he said after steadfastly watching her troubled face, "you are very unhappy. I have seen it a long time. I should not recognize in you my once cheerful happy child. May I know what great sorrow has come to you?"

Then with sobs and tears, she told him all her unhappiness.

After a short silence the old man spoke again, and there was sadness, almost sternness in his voice.

"Years ago a wealthy New York merchant became involved in a speculation, whose failure took from him the accumulated wealth of his years of commercial enterprise. There were a few years of weary vain struggling to regain what he had lost, then deep despondency, a lingering disease, and death.

His wife and four children were left penniless. The child, a boy of sixteen, had finished his preparatory studies, and was about to enter college. By this stroke, he found his prospects for the future clouded; but with noble self-forgetfulness, he turned cheerfully into the way marked out for him, and walked resolutely in it.

He obtained a situation with a merchant who had known his father, where his faithfulness and untiring devotion to his duties, won the confidence of all who knew him. During the first years of her widowhood, his mother taught a private school for

young ladies; and it was the boy's highest ambition to relieve her of this necessity and give her the rest her feeble health required.

I cannot tell you all his privations, his willing sacrifice of every recreation, his continued self-denial, that he might lighten the burdens of those so dear to him.

Year after year, success crowned his efforts. In the village where his mother had passed the years of her childhood and the first years of her married life, he purchased a pleasant residence for her, and then a lucrative business beginning to rise in the West he came here.

At the time of his removal here, accident revealed to him the fact, that the widow and invalid daughter of one whose fortune was, by his father's advice, risked in that unfortunate speculation which had so changed his own life, were living in extreme poverty. To him they are indebted for the pleasant home that now shelters them, and for the delicate, thoughtful ministrations to their daily comfort.

Now, when the commercial world is clouded and disasters crowd thick and fast upon him, and upon others, his anxious thoughts turn to the mother and suffering sister in the little village home, whose comfort depends upon him, and to the other lonely fireside, to which his constant thoughtfulness imparts its own light, and to his own home, and the young wife, whose happiness is dearer to him than life. For this, Margaret, Ralph Hale gives his days to incessant toil, and willingly sacrifices the social pleasures he is so eminently fitted to enjoy.

I have been in these three homes. With a love that is almost reverence, his mother and sister speak his name, and with full hearts thank God for his life—that life so filled with the beauty of self-renunciation. The widow and daughters, whose hearts he has made glad, tell of his numberless acts of kindness, of his delicate and unceasing watchfulness, and daily they ask God's blessing on him whose life is a blessing to others.

In his own home, the wife, whose love should bless him, whose gentle ministry should comfort and strengthen him, turns coldly from him because he prefers the happiness of others to his own gratification, because the pressing duties of his life claim

all his waking hours, leaving him little leisure for the claims of society, or for the high intellectual culture which few attain whose lives are devoted wholly to it.

"Oh, Ralph, I have never known you! I have so cruelly misjudged you," said the weeping wife.

The old man continued: "Some men talk poetry, some write it in words, and some write it in their lives. The true heroism which poets have sung, the beauty of self-abnegation and of ceaseless devotion to duty, which have been their inspiration, Ralph Hale has lived. The woman who has won the deepest love of such a heart should reverently and gratefully cherish it as the richest blessing of her life."

In the twilight of that day, Margaret was waiting her husband's return. Amid the bitter self-reproachings that darkened the hour, gleamed a new and holy light. Higher purposes were aroused within her. In the future she would make divinely real in her life the beautiful ideas which had filled her heart with unsatisfied longings. She too, would live for others, and first of all for him whom she had so misunderstood.

A hurried step in the entrance-hall, then on the stairs, and the next moment she was clasped in her husband's arms.

"You have been very ill," said a voice, faltering with emotion, "but thank God, you are safe now, my Margaret!"

"Oh, yes, I am safe indeed now," said Margaret's heart.

In that hour all was made clear between them. With new resolves for the future, with a deeper love for each other, and a prayer for strength, another page of life was turned for them.

Years afterwards, Margaret, a proud and happy wife, wrote: "I cannot tell you all he has been to me—my guide when I was ignorant, my strength when I faltered, my best earthly friend always. What do I not owe you for revealing the mistake that had almost wrecked the happiness of both."

READING.—Of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined, for a working man, after daily toil, or in the intervals, there is nothing like reading a newspaper or book.

### "HE DIDN'T MEAN TO."

Such was the pitiful cry of a child who had been struck by her little brother. It occurred a few moments ago. The children were having a happy time together, a blue-eyed girl and a black-eyed boy. Suddenly they playfully contended for a toy, then the strife grew eager, the children more determined, and then the blow was struck. The boy was seized upon for punishment, when the dear little girl, with tears running down her cheeks, sobbed,

"He didn't mean to, mamma."

"He didn't mean to—that young man, two years ago you could never have persuaded him that he would be a counterfeiter to-day. He was a frank and joyous fellow, brim full of genius, always noted in school for his funny caricatures and delicate drawing. He didn't mean to become wicked, he didn't mean to have bad associates, he didn't mean to be drawn into scenes of vice, and grow red in the eyes, and loose in the joints. He didn't mean to be tempted by the prospect of sudden wealth, he didn't mean to wear the parti-colored uniform of a convict. But there he is. Taking one step insured a swift journey down the sloping road of vice, and the chair that is vacant in his father's home, instead of calling forth tears of tenderness and regret, as the seat made empty by death, so often does, is gazed at with miserable sighs and the moisture of shame, and the thoughts of despair. Of course he didn't mean to do all this sin and cause all this sorrow.

He didn't mean to—that husband if you had told him when he stood at the altar with that sweet girl at his side, that he would neglect the wife, or treat her in the home only as the servile mistress of pans and kettles, he would have cried indignantly, never! He didn't mean to be a petty home tyrant, exacting labor beyond the strength of that woman, and continually holding up the ghost of his dead grandmother to reprove all her household labor. He didn't mean to keep her reduced to the last shilling, and was to use subterfuge when she wished to purchase necessary garments for herself and children. He didn't mean to change the blooming girl of his choice into a haggard, sickly, much burdened

ed woman; but God will require the broken health, the wasted life and the long, unvarying sorrow at his hands, and what then will his excuse avail, that he didn't mean to?

She didn't mean to—that wretched woman, who so lately deserted husband and children, for the precarious home of a libertine. She was very beautiful and very vain, but she would have resented with scorn such a doubt of her fidelity, and told you that her babes were her safeguards. But now the little ones must blush for their unhappy mother. When they see the pleasant homes of others who have fond and happy parents, they must remember with burning cheeks, that their mother deserted them to go and live a life of dishonor with a stranger. They will know that as the children of such a one they will be pointed at their lives long; and she, the pale girl, with blue eyes, who is the most sensitive, will find an early grave, where it would be well if the miserable mother were sleeping. She didn't mean to be the cast-off of society, to sink into an appalling depth of woe, to live at last in the haunts of infamy and wander, never to return, from the fold of the Good Shepherd.

She didn't mean to—that young girl. Innocent once and honored, she thought it pleasant to be admired, to go with this one or with that; she never meant to be known and despised as a flirt. She didn't intend to excite false hopes in the bosom of one who scorned a mean act, and upon whom the blow of her perfidy fell; and such blows do fall sometimes, with crushing weight, changing his very nature. But to call the man a fool will not raise her in the estimation of those who know her. To laugh at him as a poor dupe will not quiet the conscience that stings. She has turned the garden of his heart into a place where rank weeds come up smothering the flowers and blighting the fruit. She didn't mean to—but, "the wages of sin is death" and God will hold alike responsible, the counterfeiter, the cruel husband, the faithless wife and the heartless flirt.

#### “THAT KISS.”

Much often depends on little things. The gentle caresses of a fond mother, while they are but the spontaneous expression of impassioned feelings, not unfrequently de-

termine the character and course of the child. Her sympathy, tenderness, approbation, instruction, prayers, will not easily be forgotten. The kiss of commendation; the parting kiss and silent tear, will come fresh to the mind, and that with magic power, at the very turning point of the son's destiny. “O that kiss!” he exclaims, as if spell-bound, its gentle memories come over the spirit with subduing and controlling power, changing the life and giving direction to the future.

How much is often depending upon an inconsiderate act. Benjamin West declares that the kiss he received when he sketched the likeness of his little sister and showed it to his mother, determined his future success—“that kiss made me a painter.” Thus the influence of kindness or neglect will be felt, and will decide the destiny for time, and perhaps for eternity.—*Morning Star.*

#### REVERENCE FOR OLD MAIDS.

I have always felt a reverent tenderness for old maids. They are, in nine cases out of ten, women who are too true, too constant, too wise to marry. In the early spring-time they may have dreamed of love; and while their young affections were just unfolding to the ineffable sunshine, the cloud, the storm, the frost, has nipped the sweet flowers of their hearts in the bud. Then, under the subduing shadow of sorrow's wing, the faithful vestal makes her secret sacrifices upon the altar of her love—and performs her pious pilgrimage alone. Her fidelity, her sufferings, and her martyrdom, make her sacred. Too proud, too true, too honest, to become a party to the hollow mockery of mercenary matrimony, or to enslave herself by a loveless tie, self-denial makes her saintly; and what she misses here we feel assured will be hers hereafter. The eternal justice of God will strike the balance even yet.

“Love soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of love is there.”

Tender mothers to motherless children; affectionate sisters to sisterless men; gentle companions, angels and ministers of grace, to all devoted sisters of sympathy, mercy and charity, whose life-long worship of love is in the sacred nunnery of the lonely heart, I salute you!—*Belle Brittan.*

For the Aurora.

## THE FUTURE.

Of all the divisions of time, the future is the most mysterious. Yes it is involved in mystery which none, however learned, or gifted, can unfold. We are ever disposed to regard the future with ardent hopes and pleasing anticipations. Sometimes it brings us happiness and sometimes it plunges us in overwhelming sorrow.

The future cannot be scanned by any except the all-powerful God who reigns above and who surveys the cycles of all coming time as readily as He does the present and the past. If we could explore the future and thereby ascertain our ultimate and final destiny, though we might, perhaps, be better prepared for the allotments of adverse fortune, yet we should find that such knowledge had been procured at the expense of peace and tranquility of mind.

The present is at hand, and is found unsatisfactory in its nature. It does not fulfill the expectations which the illusions of hope have excited. The past has gone and with it too is left behind the pathway of life, darkened with sorrows and bedewed with tears.

The future radiant and resplendant as the bow, rises to cheer and bless, and fix the enraptured gaze of the world. Cheered by this symbol of peace, love and good will to man, and assured by its presence that henceforth summer and winter, seed time and harvest shall not fail, the husbandman goes forth upon the earth to dress and subdue it. He sows his seed in the spring time, but not with a view to present enjoyment. With wise forecast he is looking forward to the future Autumn, when his fruit shall be gathered and the garners filled with smiling plenty.

But the farmer is not alone. Each sex and every age and condition of mankind, behold in the future the beau-ideal of their heart's fondest and most cherished wish. Alas, how often the bright morning of hope is o'ercast, and the clear rising sun, which betokens a goodly day, sets in thick darkness.

We should probably be unfitted to act our respective parts upon the stage of life, had we the power to penetrate the future and discern the approach of those misfor-

tunes that are to transpire and overshadow our respective lots.

The mariner as he leaves his home and all its endearments, to traverse the rolling ocean, could he but lift the vail of futurity and perceive the adverse winds that should overtake his frail, foundering bark, would doubtless tremble, and long to retrace his devious course.

Again, what painful emotions and poignant sorrow would thrill the heart of the young bride, could she, upon the eve of her departure on a tour of pleasure, dispell the mists of the future and witness the approach of the pale messenger to the paternal abode, to bear away one to whom her heart was wedded in the bonds of natural and indissoluble affection.

O, mysterious and illimitable future! we would not lift the vail that shrouds thy deep and dark domain, but rather concur in the sentiment of the poet—

Oh blindness, to the future so kindly given,  
That each may fill the place marked out by  
Heaven,

The lamb, by riot doom'd to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason would he skip and play?

This life would be replete with darkness and misery if we could scan the future, and foresee the events that must transpire in our history. The sunlight of existence would be extinguished, and we should grope our way in silence and sadness to the grave. All the sweets and amenities of existence, which the benevolence of the Creator designed to fill the cup of human happiness, would forever pass away, and leave our race the poorer without making it better.

But, though our imperfect and finite natures prevent our scrutinizing narrowly the events of coming time, still nature and revelation unite in teaching the great doctrine, that we may qualify ourselves, in the present golden period of existence, by the acquisition of knowledge and the practice of virtue, to spend a happy future in this world, and more especially in the next.

M. E. G.

Oaklin Female Institute.

“Justice,” says Penn, “is the insurance which we have on our lives and property,” to which may be added, and obedience to the laws is the premium which we pay for it.

## THE SON UNGUIDED, HIS MOTHER'S SHAME.

CONCLUDED.

A Child left to himself bringeth his Mother to shame.  
—PROV. xxix. 15.

III. We had not intended so long to have detained you. More briefly let us discuss a more grateful topic, did time permit its full discussion; it is that of a mother's rewards. Less absorbed than the husband and father, in worldly cares, and perhaps at times less selfish and exacting in her temperament, the mother has more leisure to contemplate and enjoy the success of a virtuous and religious child, who in manhood answers and recompenses her early and protracted cares in behalf of his boyhood. In this sense, then, hers is a more abundant reward than the father's. If, with the child left to himself she is brought to shame, the child left not to himself bringeth her to honor; and his career is brightening, widening usefulness praises the yoke that in childhood may have seemed to chafe and gall him.

*'Her children rise up and call her blessed.'* Even after death, her memory may live in the frequent and grateful reminiscences of a son, who like the eccentric but highly endowed Randolph of Roanoke, traces to a mother's prayers upon his childhood his own escape from the foulness and brutishness of infidelity. And what heightened and inconceivable rapture must be the lot of that mother, who in heaven greets not only her son, '*and the son of her vows,*' but the myriads who, in a long trail of light, follow that son as the seals of his usefulness, and the stars of his endless rejoicing. Such, we may suppose, are the rewards of the mother of a Baxter, and a Doddridge, and of a Jonathan Edwards, and of a John Newton.

And, even where no worldly honors, nor length of days, crowned the child which a mother's love reared for Christ, how glad must be the greetings of the parent and her offspring, who are permitted to meet in the Paradise of God. For the parental affection that, consecrated and chastened by the controlling love of God, has been honored to enkindle the love of that God in the heart of a child, survives the shock and disrup-

tions of death, and is not all effaced amid the blinding glories of the beatific vision. So controlled by piety, and so blessed of God in the piety it has fostered in the object of its earthly tenderness, the mother's love may look to find the felicity of the higher world enhanced by the endless reminiscence of these earthly relations. There, blended in both hearts with divine charity, it acquires its eternal indestructibility.

Upon the privacy of the nursery, let mothers then, remember, that the eye of the great world may yet be looking in, with eager curiosity from the character which that nursery formed, and which, in that world has been disclosed by the subsequent course of the child, thus revealing the parental faithfulness or neglect that at first fostered its excellencies or its foibles. And if that eye of worldly admiration or curiosity do not scan one day your maternal haunts, it is an inspiring but an awful thought, that an eye of a greater,—your God, every day, and this day, looks in. Let not those scenes, so dear to affection, and that should be consecrated to order and piety, be seen of Him, like the vineyard of the slothful, overrun with briars and thorns. Let the Christ who visited Martha amid her cumbering cares, and at whose feet Mary, choosing more wisely, assiduously sat, be invoked to guide your household cares, and to sanctify your solitary musings.

We live in a day in which there is much of complaint and much of promise, with regard to society, to government, and education—complaint of society, government and education as they now exist—and promise concerning them as they are yet to be, when improved by certain favorite reforms. We may say, that we believe in no widespread schemes that shall supersede individual self-government, and in no education given by the community or the nation that shall supersede the education of the parent and the home. From the constitution of the human mind, there are some great necessities of its nature, that cannot be met by any general system, which works merely on masses. Such necessities must be the work of patient detail and individual effort. The steam-machinery, that should seek to supplant the barber, for instance, might cleanse some faces, but would cut more throats. Such also is, as we suppose, the

early education of the young. There are duties involved in this, that are not transferred to nurse or teacher, academy or college; and that cannot be discharged by any general routine, or fully met by any deputy. We believe, in any case of bereavement, that Orphan Asylums may be useful to man, and accepted and blessed of God. But we believe in no systems of education, that would convert all the children of a community into virtual orphans; and then send them to the asylum of the community school, there to grow up without the ties, endearments, and mysterious, but blessed benefits, of the paternal and filial, the fraternal and sisterly charities of the separate family, and of the secluded hearth.

No worldly culture, no moral restraint, will benefit your children sufficiently, without God's renewing grace at the heart. As christians, you will feel that this is your first and latest care; your first and latest prayer for your offspring. The gospel aims at the most difficult but also the most permanent reformations. Other systems of human amelioration and accomplishment are easier, but inefficient or transitory. They remind us of an incident in the boyhood of Canova. That great sculptor first displayed his genius, when a mere stripling, by moulding butter into the forms of animals for the decoration of a nobleman's table. Now, had he always limited his labor to this viler material, his task would have been easier, but it would also have been worthless, because of its perishable results. He might have lavished taste and toil, and bestowed faultless symmetry on the bust, the statue, or the group; but the passage of a single summer's day over him and his work would have effaced each delicate trait, and have melted all the symmetry of his statuary into a mass of shapelessness. Now, such are the efforts of the mothers who educate only for earth, and of the legislators who plan only for this life; whose whole skill is spent on man's outward condition, or on the child's worldly accomplishments,—when compared with those mothers, and pastors, and reformers, who aim at the change of the heart. A wide interval of worthiness and efficiency separates the reformers who work but externally, from the religion that operates

within on the inner man, and on his relations to the invisible but eternal world. Christianity would shape the adamant of the heart. She toils for eternity. Hers are the true, because the enduring reforms. While a Chesterfield is moulding in butter, a Paul is hewing in granite. The more difficult is also the more durable achievement. The reforms of the gospel endure the pressure of distress, and resist the heat of temptation. The shock of the archangel's trump does not shatter them; and they do not crumble with the crumbling and burning world, as it goes through the fiery baptism of the Last judgment. Hence the gospel, like an accomplished sculptor, 'Gives bond in marble and recording brass,' for the permanence, as well as difficulty, of its labors, and their abiding value. Be all your labors, my sisters in Christ, for your household, governed by the recollection, that the renewal of the heart, the most difficult of all changes, is the only change of permanent and eternal value. Ask it of God's spirit now, at once, and evermore.

Much has been said in our day of the exaltation of the female race. Woman's highest glory is, after all, not in the thronged arena, and jostling crowds of public life; but in those scenes where she shines unrivalled and indispensable, as the sister, the daughter, the wife, and the mother; the guardian of weakness, the attendant of sickness, and the instructor of childhood. And that same law of heaven, irrepealable by all the vaunting philosophy of the times, that made her the *mother*, made her influence on the outer fields and walks of society the *most powerful* when it was the *least direct*. It is the child that was borne and nursed at her heart, which reveals the character and portraiture of that heart to the age and the world. And thus it is, that woman's heart, as presented in the habits it has moulded, and the graces it has fostered, and the charities it has guarded, and the prayers it has taught, shines out from its own quiet and retired sphere of the household life, with a steady, untroubled beam, on the dark and restless outer sea of public life. The great English statesman, Burke, alluding to the singular felicity of his own married life, amid all the vexations and storms of his political

career, said that all his cares deserted him the moment his foot crossed his own threshold. Thus indirectly, and by her influence on her husband, in soothing and sustaining him, the wife of the great English orator was most fitly and most beautifully influencing the circles of political activity, through which Burke moved with such dazzling radiance. Was not the place thus filled by her a more womanly position, and the influence shed by her, indirectly and remotely, on that great revolutionary era, a more graceful and feminine influence, than the bolder position and more direct influence that were claimed and assumed by her distinguished contemporaries, Mary Wollstonecraft in England, and Mad. Roland in France? Such is, we conceive, by the law alike of Nature and Revelation, the part assigned to woman in the great drama of society. It is, on the inner world of the home, large, direct and absorbing influence; it is, on the outer sphere of public life, less, and indirect and remoter influence. This isolation is for her own peace and honor. Like the Queen of Night she looks down, as she "walks in her brightness," on the stormy ocean, not reached or blotted by the tempests below. They who would unsphere her thence would rob of more than they add; and whilst claiming, like the tempter of old, to be both wiser and kinder to the sex than the God who made her, would lure Eve from the congenial shades of her native Eden home, into scenes of strife, toil, and contamination; and leave that Eden dark, by the withdrawal of its gentle guardian, whom her Maker formed for retirement, and called alike to tend and adorn that fragment yet spared of man's forfeited Paradise—that garden of the Lord—a peaceful and a devout household.

GOOD HUMOR.—Keep in good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the "minor miseries," that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them.

Sleeping-rooms should never be papered, and, most of all, with paper having any green color, whatever paper-makers may say to the contrary.

For the Aurora.

## LETTER TO YOUNG LADIES.

## NUMBER EIGHT.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—In looking over the communications I have received from you I find one from Fannie, in which she requests that I should address to you a letter on the subject of "Thoughtless Talking." Fannie seems to speak feelingly, like one who has had some personal experience of the evils resulting from this practice.

How strange, how wonderful is the power of speech! How potent for good or evil. If we subtract from our lives all the happiness and all the misery that come to us through the medium of words, what would be left?

Human tongues, under the direction of cultivated intellects, refined feelings, and benevolent hearts, may render earth a paradise; but, set in motion by narrow minds, swayed by base and selfish passions, how ruthlessly do they dig up the fairest roses of existence, and plant thorns, and brambles, and nettles in their stead.

For young girls—the sweet blossoms of the human race—to use their tongues in such a manner as to cause pain, seems as much against nature as for the violet to emit an offensive odor. Yet, sad to say, they sometimes do it, often from mere thoughtlessness, sometimes from a lack of those finer sensibilities which would enable them to perceive and appreciate the feelings of others; and sometimes, alas! I fear they do it under the influence of envy, jealousy, and a desire to injure.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and we may as well expect that a bitter fountain will send forth sweet waters as that "words fitly spoken" will flow from a proud, selfish and corrupt heart. The first direction, therefore, for making conversation a source of pleasure and of profit, is to "keep the heart with all diligence, knowing that out of it are the issues of life." Doubtless, the sins of the tongue will form a large proportion of that formidable record from which we must all be judged at the last day. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned," is a dec-

laration of holy writ, "And if any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man."

The habit of making individual character the topic of conversation is far too common, and is a fruitful source of evil. It is very difficult to talk about people without offending against the law of veracity or the law of charity. If you do speak of people always prefer to speak of those of whom you can sincerely speak well, and never express an unfavorable opinion or relate what could injure the reputation of another, unless under such peculiar circumstances as render it manifestly your duty to do so. The fact that what you say is *true* cannot justify you in giving utterance to any thing calculated to lessen the estimation in which another is held, unless it can also be shown that your motive was to promote justice, to secure the good of the offender, or to protect the innocent from the injury misplaced confidence might occasion.

If you do talk about people always imagine them within hearing, for, in nine cases out of ten, your words will go to them; and, unaccompanied by the circumstances, the tone and manner in which they were uttered, they may make an impression entirely different from what you intended. Heart-burnings and alienation of feeling may be the result of words spoken without reflection, when individual character is made the topic of discourse. One great object of your education is, to enlarge the scope of your mental vision and give you an interest in a wider range of subjects, so that you may be raised above the necessity of retailing the petty sayings and doings of your associates, in order to find something to talk about. If those who have had no advantages for mental cultivation fall into the habit of gossiping they are far more excusable than you, who are capable of better things.

The first requisite for conversation is a well-stored and cultivated mind. Without this, though you may talk much, you cannot appear to advantage in a really intelligent social intercourse. Seek for information, then, on every important subject, that you may be able to use the power of speech in a manner to edify and profit.

Whenever you are placed in circumstances where it is proper for you to lead the conversation, always endeavor to turn

it in that direction which is best calculated to draw out the peculiar talents of those with whom you converse. Guard carefully against every thing which would seem like an effort to display your own talents or acquirements. The secret of being agreeable in conversation is to make others feel that they appear to advantage. If those with whom you converse are satisfied with themselves, they will be pretty certain to be pleased with you; but, if you endeavor to shine at their expense, if you set up a claim to superiority, and make the nominative *Ego, I*, the subject to which every predicate refers, their self-love is wounded, and though they may stare at you as a prodigy of learning, they will not find you an agreeable companion—they will not desire your society.

Rational conversation is a very valuable source of improvement to the young. One may often obtain more definite knowledge on a particular subject from one hour's conversation with an intelligent friend than could be gained by weeks of reading.

I would urge you to be specially on your guard against forming a habit of talking nonsense. A little jesting and pleasantry, on proper occasions, may be very agreeable, but a continual stream of nonsense is destructive to all true dignity of character, and will render your society very tiresome to sensible people. Let it once come to be understood that you have no taste for any but trifling conversation, and you will be left to the society of triflers. Such a habit may change the whole current of your lives, and you cannot acquire it but at the risk of clouding your brightest prospects for earthly happiness, and, I may add, the risk of your soul's salvation, for the habit of foolish talking indisposes the mind to that serious reflection which is indispensable to a preparation for the life to come. If others are disposed to trifle, you may frequently, by the exercise of a little tact, turn the conversation into a more profitable channel, without rendering it less entertaining.

Good-natured nonsense, if it be incessant, is a very serious evil, but the habit of making ill-natured and disparaging remarks is a sin of a far deeper dye. A person's reputation is just as much his property as his money, and it is generally a far more important means of happiness and

and usefulness, and you have no more right to rob him of one than the other. Different persons will, of course, make different impressions on your minds, some much more favorable than others; but, if the impression is unfavorable, you have no right to express it, except for adequate reasons. The golden rule will apply here. If you have been so unfortunate as to make an unfavorable impression in regard to yourselves on the mind of another, you would not wish the individual to speak of that impression where it would influence the opinions of those who might otherwise regard you favorably. If you find yourselves tempted to speak ill of any person, just pause and think whether you would be willing that, for the same reasons, another should say the same things about you; and let your sensitiveness for your own reputation be the standard by which you estimate the regard you should cherish for the reputation of others.

To correct all the errors of the tongue is the work of a life-time, and the exercise of all the christian graces is necessary for its successful accomplishment. The consciousness of our own oft-repeated failures in the government of this unruly member, should lead us to be very lenient towards those who err in a similar manner. Severe upon our own faults, and suspicious of our own motives, we should ever cherish the habit of viewing the actions of others in the most favorable light, of finding excuses for what may seem to be wrong, of placing the most favorable construction upon their words, and attributing the best motives the case will possibly admit. In this way alone can we form pure and elevated characters. The mind partakes of the nature of the aliment it feeds upon, and those who are continually thinking and speaking of the darker shades in the character and conduct of others, almost inevitably become dusky themselves. Evil speaking is a canker-worm, that gnaws at the root of every virtue in the heart of her who indulges in it.

Aware that we often speak thoughtlessly ourselves, we should attach just as little importance to the thoughtless remarks of others as we would wish them to attach to ours, and when words from others, which seem the offspring of ill-nature, are repeated to us, let us remember how often our own

words have been misunderstood or misrepresented; and, believing that no wrong was intended, let us dismiss the subject from our thoughts without allowing it to engender one unkind feeling.

I hope, my dear girls, you will bestow upon this subject the reflection which its importance demands. If you think and act rightly in this regard, if you can manufacture, out of prudence and benevolence, a bridle for your tongues, by which their wayward motions shall be restrained, you will wonderfully smooth the rough and thorny pathway of life.

That you may be enabled to do this, that your words may be ever such as to make these around you better and happier, is the sincere desire of

Your very affectionate friend,  
EUGENIA.

For the Aurora.

WE CAN HAVE BUT ONE MOTHER.

MRS. MARTIN.

Green is the mould and long the grass  
O'er my dear mother's grave,  
And long, long years have fled, alas!  
Since that dark sorrows wave  
First, burst upon my anguish'd heart,  
When called by death from her to part,  
Her who my being gave.

I could not think she then must die,  
For mercy from me hid  
What was reveal'd to every eye,  
What God's love had forbid,  
Then unto mine, else shorn of strength,  
How had I borne the breadth and length  
Of all, of all, I did?

For her to live was Christ, 'twas true,  
But oh! her sinking head,  
Was pillow'd on His breast, I knew,  
Christ made her dying bed.  
So then, for her, to "die was gain,"  
My heart at last gave in, amen!  
And then her spirit sped.

Yet, ere she went, she clasp'd my hand,  
And pointed it to heaven,  
As if to make me understand,  
When speech had failed her, even,  
That, far above this world of care,

A glorious rest, a portion fair,  
God unto her had given.

And I, her only child, was left,  
Resign'd, but motherless;  
Thankful and grateful, but bereft,  
Sooth'd, check'd, but in distress,  
For O, we can have but one mother!  
And, in her stead, there is none other  
Can, with her blessing, bless.

Columbia, S. C.

### THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

There is one defect in American education, or rather in American character, and that is, our young people do not learn to converse well. They think—they act—when roused they are eloquent—but they seldom converse well. The boy is taught to declaim—to store his mind with those ideas that will instruct, and even move the multitude—but very rarely to converse with ease and elegance. The girl is disciplined to sing, and play, and dance, and sit gracefully. She is even prepared for those womanly duties she must perform in after life—duties of the nursery and the household. Her moral powers are cultivated likewise in this country, so that she becomes a useful, benevolent, amiable being. But she is not taught to converse.

"She can talk enough," says the crusty old bachelor, "pray do not teach her, to any greater degree, the use of her tongue." Talking is not conversing. There is no deficiency in the former with our girls. To talk, and to talk well, are very different. The latter requires ease, tact, self-confidence, good sense, a well-conducted education, a desire to please, and an amiable temper.

In neither sex should conversation be high flown, declamatory, or above the condition of the hearers. The voice should be modulated to the subject, and never raised to an oratorical pitch. The style should be easy, natural, playful if the occasion require it, with no strained and far-fetched attempts at wit or glitter.

There are occasions when the very essence of entertaining and successful conversation consists in being a good listener, and in drawing out others upon these topics about which you know they can furnish information. We have said before that the great

secret of pleasing consists in making others pleased with themselves. It is so in conversation. To be a good listener is one of the secrets of a conversational power. It is said that Daniel Webster remarked that he never was in any sensible man's company a quarter of an hour, but what he learned something. He had the tact of drawing them out on subjects with which they were familiar, and in this way, gained information himself, and made others pleased with him.

When girls think too much of their beauty, they are very apt to forget that the powers of conversation are needed to please. Beauty may strike a severe blow on the heart, but it requires conversational powers to follow up the blow, and render it effective. A plain woman, who converses well, will soon cause the want of beauty to be forgotten by her powers of entertainment. Madame De Stael Holstein was an exceedingly plain woman, but such were her conversational talents, that Byron declared she could talk down her face in a quarter of an hour, and be felt to be positively beautiful.

But the question occurs, how can this power be acquired? It needs some native confidence and much good judgment to lay the foundation for it. Instructors can create it, by always requiring their pupils to give the ideas of their lessons in their own language, and not in the words of the text book. Parents, too, can early begin to encourage their children to converse on sensible topics, by calling out their opinion. All should learn to converse.—*Hartford Courant*.

The following stanza, says a newspaper correspondent, was written by John Q. Adams, while sitting at his desk in the House of Representatives, and handed by him to Mr. Brinkerhoff, of Ohio:

"Matter and mind, mysterious one,  
Is man till three score years and ten?  
Where? ere the thread of life was spun;  
Where? when reduced to dust again!  
Almighty God! the doubt suppress,  
The doubt thou only can'st relieve,  
Let me to solace my distress,  
Fly to the gospel! and **BELIEVE!**"

For the Aurora.  
"THE SONS"—A TEMPERANCE TALE.

BY MRS. MARTIN.

I had always entertained very great objections to what are called "secret societies," so, that though a thorough teetotaller and member of the Temperance Society since first there existed one, and also the wife of as zealous a "Washingtonian" as the cause ever numbered among its advocates and members, yet did I feel quite a repugnance to the "Sons of Temperance," simply on account of a certain shillobeth, or watchword, their passport of admission to their order; so said I "Husband, I think you have done, and are every day doing, quite enough to show your zeal for temperance, without joining these 'Sons.' "Well, but," replied he, "they certainly are the most efficient organization of temperance that now exists—I always want my place to be where I can do for this cause the greatest amount of service." But, my objections still continuing, he continued to work on in his old way, as a Washingtonian, giving, however, his "God speed" to the 'Sons,' and to every other combination of faithful men for the eradication of evil and encouragement of good, in the land. But, on our arrival at a new home he at once, wishing publicly to identify himself with the cause of temperance, found in the place no Washingtonian organization, nothing but the 'Sons;' but for the 'Sons' no temperance organization in the town. Said he to me, "I can no longer refuse to join the 'Sons;' it will never do, for so old a teetotaller as I am, to be disconnected by name from this good cause of temperance in the place where I live, and where, whatever influence I possess, will be most felt. I think the time is come, despite the 'regalia,' which I don't fancy much, and the 'word,' which you don't, for me to be a 'Son.'" "Well, these are, to be sure, minor objections, which can be gotten over," said I, "and the story to which I listened this morning, from my next door neighbor, I must confess, has influenced my mind to an entire acquiescence in the propriety, and wisdom, and humanity of your being a 'Son,' or one in the ranks of humanity that does

battle most efficiently against the common enemy, alcohol; but you shall, previously to your initiation, hear the story also."

"I was very glad," (as nearly as I can recollect,) said my neighbor to me, "to hear you were going to live so near us, especially when I understood your husband had been so long a leader in the temperance cause; for this cause lies, as it well may, very near my heart. You have admired our pretty cottage and all its comforts, and our domestic happiness, as real as it is apparent. Well, all this is but of four years' growth. Four years ago we were homeless and penniless, and, day after day, and night after night, had I to obtain assistance to drag my poor husband off the street, or pull him out of the ditch. Every body told me he was a desperate case, a 'gone case,' and there was no use in even hoping for him, that my best plan, for me and mine, was to give him up; but, somehow, I could never bring my mind to do that. He was the husband of my youth and the father of my children, and if I did not hope for him, who would? But oh, I had indeed a dreadful time of it. I was an orphan and poor, I had no help from him; and I was, perhaps, too proud, I could not beg. Night-watching and spare-diet often brought me very low, even near the gates of death; but even then I would try to nerve myself to work to support my family and keep life in my husband. Often, when over a piece of work, my tears would come down and soil it, or blind my eyes, so that I could not see to go on with it, and then I would make poor headway, and we would all come nigh starving; but at last, in answer to my poor prayers, a gleam of hope burst through the gloom—those blessed 'Sons,' yes, may God ever bless them! took my poor off-cast husband by the hand, whispered hope and encouragement in his ear, poured the oil of sympathy into his heart, for he had one still, not entirely encrusted over either—as almost everybody seemed to think, but one that yielded to the benign influence of brotherly kindness, and my husband rose up from his degradation, and was again a man; and I saw him, O what a sight of joy for my poor tear-dimmed eyes! "Clothed, and in his right mind," and soon, very soon I think, he will be "sitting at the feet of Jesus."

Ever since his reformation prosperity has seemed to smile upon us. Four years of industry and temperance have given the homeless that nice home there, yes, our own, and paid for; have given us food, clothing, and happiness. My husband's business increases daily, we have not only enough for ourselves but something to spare for others; and, may we always try to do whatever we can for the blessed cause of temperance, and may our prayers go up daily for the prosperity of the noble 'sons!'"

"Well wife," said my husband, "you won't take umbrage, will you, either at the ribbon round my neck, or 'the word,' so that I may be one of those who, with the help of God, can bring such peace upon the earth as that which now exists at our neighbor's?"

"Never! never!" said I. "Go, and be a 'Son.' Yes, become 'all things to all men, so that you may save some.' Unimportant trifles must not be in our way when a great work is to be done. And oh, what a work is this great temperance reform, to which the energy of the 'Sons' has given fresh impetus and renewed success!"

Columbia, S. C.

For the Aurora.  
"DON'T GO SO NEAR THE ALTAR."

WILL REIDE.

Seated in the church, one Sabbath morning, I saw enter a young lady and gentleman. I watched them as they walked slowly up the aisle. I thought, surely they have forgotten this is the house of God, for the laugh and giddy toss of the head say plainly that their feelings partake of nothing approaching solemnity. Reverence is here imperfectly developed, thought I. If I were a phrenologist I would now test the truth of the science. They looked first to the one side and then the other, in search of a seat. There were plenty of vacant places, but none seemed to suit them. Very choice, thought I. They ventured still farther up the aisle, almost to the altar, when the young lady gently touched the gentleman's sleeve, saying, as she did so, "Don't go so near the altar!" Why should these words,

thought I, startle me so? What is their purport, that they should thus disturb my devotional feelings? During the service my eyes often wandered in the direction where they were sitting, and I noted the vacant and would-like-to-be captivating glance. She is beautiful, thought I, but those words, "Don't go so near the altar!" seemed written on the marble forehead in dark characters. I looked at the young man, saw him adjust the nicely fitting glove, and place the delicate hand on the back of the seat, to attract, as he thought, the attention of the young ladies around him. I gazed full in his face, he was a noble-looking young man. There was the light of genius in his eye, but it seemed to say "too near the altar!"

I fell in a deep reverie and imagination carried me far in the future. Again I saw the young couple, they were just married—not in the church, for that was "so near the altar!" but in the brilliant lighted parlor. Friends congratulated the happy pair, and wished their course smooth down the stream of life; but they were gay friends, and had never been "near the altar." I looked, expecting to see some bright face, over which the grace of God had shed its influence, come forward and take them by the hand, and point to that haven, the worldly know not of. As I mused an old man entered, and clasped the son in his arms, giving him lessons of wisdom and truth. He promised to walk in the path so plainly marked by the old man. He then laid his hand upon the bride's head, and said, "My daughter, God bless you, and make you a blessing!"

Again I saw them. 'Twas the anniversary of their wedding-night. The brow of each was clouded. Before them lay the invitation to a fashionable ball, and the minister had just taken tea with them and requested their attendance at the prayer-meeting. The young man said he would like to go, but the wife hesitated. A new dress had been lately purchased. If she went to the ball what a fine opportunity to gratify the promptings of vanity, if to the prayer-meeting the plain calico would be brought in requisition. Just at this moment merry voices were heard in the hall, I listened, and they seemed to say "Don't

go near the altar!" That night I saw them at the ball.

Again, stretched upon a bed of pain, lay a manly form. Death was drawing near. The old father was there, pointing the son to the light above. He shook his head, and looked sadly at the weeping wife, and murmured, "No! no! I can't go 'so near the altar!'" The lamp dimmed, and he stood before the bar of God.

A wife was weeping by the cold form. The past came thronging back, and she saw the first step downward. Her heart was melted. Fervently she prayed to God, and I thought to myself, she is "near the altar" now.

'Twas all imagination, and my mind awoke to realities, and yet is it not real?

For the Aurora.  
THE BAPTISM.

BY MAUD.

It was the eventide. Low in the west  
The sun had wrapped around his dazzling face  
A light fantastic veil, of wreathing mist;  
And, smiling softly on the blushing earth,  
Low whispered to us from the deep repose  
Of each lengthening shadow's gathering gloom,  
"Adieu! till my bright car shall usher in  
The peaceful dawning of God's holy day."

How hallowed was the scene! The breeze  
That lightly played amid the tender foliage  
Of the early spring, wafting sweet perfume  
From the bursting buds and open blossoms,  
Came thro' the open casement, softly stealing,  
Pressing the brow, as 't were with friendship's  
kiss.

The lingering sun threw one soft gleaming ray  
Upon the altar and the baptismal pool,  
Whose calm still waters spoke to trusting hearts  
Of everlasting life, through Christ the Lord.

There stood, with holy mien, the man of God,  
With hands upraised, and earnest look of faith  
As 'twould invoke the immediate presence there  
Of the incarnate One, who humbly bowed  
In meek submission to His Father's will.

Behold that other form. With brow serene,  
And firm unwavering tread, approaches now,  
One who has trusted in a Saviour's love;  
With gladness hastening to obey His will,

And press the footsteps which His feet have trod.

The song of praise swells forth from thankful hearts,  
While listening angels catch the notes of joy,  
And speed their echoing through heaven's wide domain.

The rite was done. The little band  
Went softly out, while deepening shadows, gathered  
In the quiet house, and brooded o'er the waters.  
Still, one bright gleam illumed the pencilled rays  
Upon the frescoed wall above the pool,  
Whence spread a glory thro' the house of God,  
As from the cherubim above the ark;—  
Inspiring awe, as it were holy ground.

How harsh the discord of the noisy street!  
The din of business, and the world's gay strife,  
Which met us ere the threshold had been pass'd!  
But memory hoards these treasures of the soul,  
As glimpses of the peace and holy joy  
Kept in reserve for those, the faithful few,  
Who shall at last ascend the "Holy hill,"  
And bask in uncreated light and love.

Nashville, April, 1858.

HOME AND WIFE ON SATURDAY.

Happy is the man who has a little home  
and a little angel in it; of a Saturday night.  
A house, no matter how little, provided it  
will hold two or so—no matter how furnished,  
provided there is hope in it; let the  
wind blow—close the curtains!

What if they are calico or plain, without  
border or tassel—or any such thing? Let  
the rain come down—heap up the fire. No  
matter if you have not a candle to bless  
yourself with, for what a beautiful light  
glowing coals make, reddening, clouding,  
shedding sunset radiance through the lit-  
tle room—just enough to talk by: not  
loud, as in the highways; not rapid, as in  
the hurrying world—but softly, slowly,  
whisperingly, with pauses between them,  
for the storm without, and the thoughts  
within, to fill up.

Then wheel the sofa round before the fire;  
no matter if the sofa is a settee, uncush-  
ioned at that; if so, may be it is just long  
enough for two, or say two and a half, with  
two or two and a half in it. How sweetly  
the music of silver bells from time to time,

falls on the listening ear then. How mournfully swell the chimés of the "days that are no more."

Under such circumstances, and such a time, one can get at least sixty-nine and a-half statute miles nearer "kingdom come," than any other point in this world laid down in "Malte Brun!"

May be you smile at this picture; but there is a secret between us, viz: it is a copy of a picture, rudely drawn, but as true as the Pentatouch, of an original in every human heart."

#### THE DOCTOR'S STORY OF THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

"Dear doctor, please to come to S——as soon as possible, Emily is very ill."

So ran the contents of a message by telegraph, which I received at my lodging one lovely day in August. Emily Brown was the daughter of a clergyman, who lived some ten miles from the city. I had become acquainted with the family the previous summer. The clergyman was one of those lovely men so seldom met with, who possessed all the geniality without a particle of the austerity that sometimes, nay, often makes the deportment of the clergy unpleasant to those who are not yet spiritualized in their feelings. He lived in a beautiful little village, surrounded by a sweet family, his wife and two beautiful daughters. Emma soon became my favorite, and in fact, in a short time I learned to love her. She was small of stature, as was her sister; her figure very elegant, and her daily life pure and beautiful as that of an angel. Carrie, the other sister, was called very handsome, but, except that she had the same soul-speaking eyes of my Emma, I did not think her near as pretty as my choice.

We had been engaged some three months, when I received the note above alluded to, I was preparing a house in which to install my bride. It was early in the morning, seven o'clock. I did not wait for my breakfast, but dashed out of my boarding house, and down to the car station in time to take the first train. I was in agony of apprehension. The sickness must be very sudden or they would have apprised me by letter. I looked at the message again

and again and the words Emily is very ill, sent the blood back to my heart in a torrent. It seemed to me that I had never really loved her before, such a flood of sweet recollections came rushing over my mind. Her face came before me in all its angelic loveliness—the face that even then might be cold in death.

The cars stopped; I knew the beautiful gray horse harnessed into the little carriage, I knew the face that stood at his head, peering into the car-window. "Is she alive?" was all I could say, and his reply filled me with anguish.

"Only just alive; it seems as if she was waiting for you."

I entered that chamber. The curtains of red, threw fair flushes upon the cheeks of the dying girl—her face was radiant. God was mercifully calling her to him without pain. She had been in fearful paroxysms the whole night; she was free now from all suffering, though doomed to death. Her disease was the fatal cholera, then commencing its ravages in this part of the country.

I watched three hours, and then stooping, kissed a brow already crowned in glory by the angels. She was gone—my Emma, my promised wife, and I was tasting the bitterness of my first real sorrow.

For many days my life appeared a dead blank. I went out on my visits and returned mechanically. All the interest I had I threw into my labors as a medical man; when I returned home, something was wanting. It was a melancholy solace to go once a week and visit the grave of my love. She was buried in a beautiful hill-side cemetery, and a marble urn stood at her head, filled always with fresh and lovely flowers.

One evening on my return to the parsonage, I observed there seemed to be a strange feeling of depression among its inmates. Carrie, who mourned constantly for her sister, was paler than ever; the mother and father started frequently, I thought, at every sound and looked nervously about.

At last the good minister spoke just as I was preparing to go home—"we have a singular circumstance to relate Doctor, will you hear it?"

I assented and he continued, "I do not believe in giving way to any absurd or superstitious fallacy that may cross the mind,

but a circumstance has happened which has made us all uneasy. Twice since Emma died her chamber has been occupied, once by my sister and, once by my brother. They are persons not easily disturbed by fear, but both came down the morning after with pallid faces, and both told the same story, namely, that a figure precisely like that of Emma, appeared to them in the moonlight, and laid its cold hand on their foreheads."

My portmanteau was set down again.

"For my part," I said, "I would give all I am worth to see the spirit of my Emma. It may be God has some unusual revelation for her to make, and as I by no means disbelieve in the agency of spirit, I will stay and see if I can identify this extraordinary visitor. The family seemed very much relieved as I spoke, and put aside my traveling habiliments; they were evidently a little alarmed at the circumstance that seemed to be so well corroborated.

Accordingly I slept in Emma's room.

The house was old fashioned, the chambers square and very large. This was the front one and tastefully fitted up. All her pretty toilet articles were arranged as she had been wont to have them, but, it might have been fancy, the room seemed to have a cold, funeral wind sweeping though, and I was in a state of such intense excitement, that the lightest zephyr would have felt icy to me. I sat down my candle and prepared for rest. The moon then full of soft, mellow luster, when the light was extinguished, disclosed every object in the room. I had locked the door, and now I waited impatiently for midnight, falling every now and then into a little cat-sleep that only served to make me more restless.

From one of these I was aroused by the clicking of a latch, and no sooner did I hear the sound than my courage vanished, and my blood turned cold. Then came a footstep, light and soft, then a figure, the form of my beautiful Emily stood close to my bedside, and the cold hand was laid on my head. I had just presence of mind enough left to see that she entered by another door that I had taken to be a closet. For a long time I was nearly paralyzed; but gradually my strength and courage came back, and I began to blame myself that I had not spoken, and resolved come

what would, that I would try the experiment again the next night.

I retired to rest as usual, only more widely awake, as all my senses were sharpened. I was resolved upon detaining my visitant, and if possible conversing with her. I had faintly seen the feature, which seemed ethereal in that soft light, and the eyes more luminous. Her robes too, had appeared, to my excited fancy, to wear the white luster of heaven. So I did not close my eyes as I waited, and about the time she had come on the previous night, she entered on this. She moved again to my bedside. I was breathless, the cold hand came on my forehead, I grasped it with some passionate exclamation, adjuring her to tell me why she had come back to this world of sorrow and mourning. For a moment the figure struggled, then I could see greater intelligence in the eyes, a faint sob sounded, and a voice that was not unfamiliar, exclaimed,

"How came I here? Why do you hold me?"

"Carrie!" I exclaimed, in the greatest astonishment, "this is very strange, are you trying from some strange motive to personate your dead sister?"

"No, no," she cried, greatly agitated, "I did not know it, I remember nothing, I must have walked in my sleep."

The truth flashed upon me; she was a somnambulist, and the next day I was told that for several days previous to Emily's sudden illness, my betrothed had complained much of weakness, and trouble with the head, and Carrie confessed that as often as she waked from short slumbers, she had been in the habit of stealing to her sister's chamber, and ascertaining that she was still alive as a vague presentiment possessed her thoughts, that her sister would die suddenly.

It was touching to me, this exhibition of sisterly affection, and it made me look upon the living with more interest than formerly. I soon found that my heart was again hungering for love, and I know that my angel Emma looks down upon our happiness, with a pure joy that is not of earth.

Carrie and I are to be married to-morrow.

Never in health give up to despair.

## FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

But by-and-by the drawing-room doors are thrown open, and the ambassadress enters, smiling a kind and gracious welcome. Behind her are her daughters; by her side, a tall, fashionable, haughty beauty. I could not help thinking how beautiful she looked; but the next instant my eyes wandered from her cold, unamiable face to a lady modestly standing on the other side of Lady Stratford. At first I thought she was a nun, from her black dress and close cap. She was not introduced, and yet Edmund and I looked at each other the same moment to whisper, "It is Miss Nightingale!" Yes, it was Florence Nightingale, greatest of all now in name and honor among women. I assure you that I was glad not to be obliged to speak just then, for I felt quite dumb as I looked at her wasted figure and the short brown hair combed over her forehead like a child's, cut so when her life was despaired of from fever but a short time ago. Her dress, as I have said, was black, made high to the throat, its only ornament being a large enamelled broach, which looked to me like the colors of a regiment surrounded with a wreath of laurels, no doubt some grateful offering from our men. To hide the close white cap a little, she had tied a white crape hankerchief over the back of it, only allowing the border of lace to be seen; and this gave the nun-like appearance which first struck me on her entering the room, otherwise Miss Nightingale is no way striking in appearance. Only her plain black dress, quiet manner and great renown, told so powerfully altogether in that assembly of brilliant dress and uniforms. She is very slight, rather above the middle height; her face is long and thin, but this may be from recent illness and great fatigue. She has a very prominent nose, slightly Roman; and small dark eyes, kind, yet penetrating; but her face does not give you at all the idea of great talent.

If to our earthly parents who gave us temporal life, we owe a debt of love, how much greater is the debt to Him who gave us eternal life, who died that we might enjoy the richest blessings eternally.

## PANTHEA.

## WIFE OF ABRADATAS, KING OF THE SUSSIANS.

When Cyrus the Great conquered the Assyrians, Panthea was among the captives of his sword. Her husband, Abradatus, was gone on an embassy to the King of the Bactrians at the time the camp was taken by the Persians; and at this trying moment the poor Queen had no one to whom she could fly for protection or sympathy.

Being the most beautiful woman in all Asia, Panthea was selected as a suitable present for the conquering Cyrus. When the Persian officers visited her tent, the gracefulness of her figure attracted universal attention, although she was dressed in the same manner as her servants, and covered with a long veil. Perceiving her deep dejection, they said to her, "Take courage, woman; we have heard that your husband is indeed an excellent man; but we have chosen you for one, who is not inferior to him in person, in understanding, or in power, for if there be a man in the world who deserves admiration, that man is Cyrus and to him henceforward you shall belong." As soon as the young queen heard this, she burst into a passion of grief, and refused all consolation; for her heart was with her husband.

When Cyrus heard the story, he refused even to see her, lest he might be too much fascinated by her rare loveliness.

He ordered his friend, Araspes, to see that she was attended with the utmost respect, and nothing omitted, which could contribute to her happiness.

Araspes, dazzled by her beauty, and hearing continually of her excellence, became very much in love with her. For a long time Panthea refrained from bringing any complaint against the friend of Cyrus; but at last he grew so importunate and troublesome, that she was obliged to inform the king of his conduct.

Cyrus, unwilling to treat his friend in an angry manner, yet anxious to place him out of the way of the charming captive, proposed to Araspes to proceed to the enemy's camp, as a pretended deserter, but real spy. Araspes, who was conscious of deserving severe reproof, readily consented. When Panthea heard of his desertion, she

sent a messenger to Cyrus, saying: "Do not be afflicted that Araspes has gone over to the enemy. If you allow me to send for my husband, I will engage that he will prove a much more faithful friend than Araspes. The prince, who now reigns, once attempted to part us from each other; Abradatas therefore considers him an unjust man. I know that he would joyfully revolt from him to such a man as you are."

Permission to send for her husband was readily granted, and when Abradatas heard how generously his wife had been treated by the conqueror, he cheerfully marched with two thousand horse to join the forces of Cyrus. When he came up with the Persian scouts, he sent to the king to tell him who he was; and Cyrus ordered him to be conducted immediately to his wife's tent.

This unexpected meeting was most affectionate and joyful. When Panthea recounted the kind and respectful attention she had received from Cyrus, Abradatas exclaimed, "What can I do, to pay the debt I owe him?" In the warmth of his gratitude, he pressed the hand of Cyrus, and promised to be his friend, his servant, and his ally, promising to serve him at all times to the utmost of his skill and power. Cyrus treated him like a prince and like a brother. Preparations were then making for a battle with the Egyptians, and Abradatas caused a chariot to be fitted up magnificently for the occasion.

When the time arrived, and he began to equip himself for the contest, Panthea brought him a golden helmet and arm-pieces, broad bracelets for his wrists, a long purple robe, and a crest died of a violet color; she had taken the measure of her husband's armor, and had these things prepared without his knowledge.

Much surprised at the costly gift, he exclaimed, "Have you made these for me by destroying your own ornaments?" "Not my most valuable one," replied Panthea; "for you are my greatest ornament." As she said this, she tried to put on the armor, and the tears flowed down her cheeks, in spite of her efforts to conceal them.

Abradatas was a very handsome man, and when he was equipped in his rich armor, he looked extremely noble and beautiful.

As he took the reins, and was about to mount his chariot, Panthea said: "O, Abradatas, if ever there was a woman who loved her husband better than her own soul, you know that I am such an one. I need not, therefore, speak of things in particular; my actions have convinced you more than any words I can now use. Yet I declare, by the love we bear each other, I had rather be buried with you, approving yourself a brave man, than to live with you in disgrace and shame; so much do I think you and myself worthy of the noblest things."

"We owe great obligations to Cyrus. When I was his captive, he did not treat me as a slave, but kept me for you, as if he had been my brother. Besides, when he permitted me to send for you, I promised that you would be a more true and faithful friend than Araspes."

Abradatas, laying his hand gently on her head, and raising his eyes to heaven, said, "O, great Jove, grant that I may be a husband worthy of Panthea, and a friend worthy of Cyrus!"

When he had mounted the chariot, and the driver had shut the door, Panthea kissed the place where his foot had rested, as he entered. Unknown to him, she followed a short distance; when he turned and perceived her, he said, "Take courage, Panthea! Farewell, and be happy; now go to your home."

Though Abradatas and his equipage made a gorgeous appearance, the people could look at nothing but Panthea, so long as she was in sight. Her attendants conducted her to her conveyance, and concealed her by throwing the covering of a tent over her.

Abradatas, inspired by gratitude to Cyrus, and love for Panthea, insisted upon being placed in the foremost danger, where he fought with strength and courage, almost supernatural.

When the long and bloody struggle was over, and Cyrus had given directions concerning the division of the spoils among his victorious army, he said, "Why does not Abradatas appear before me? Have any of you seen him?" One of the servants replied, "My sovereign, he comes not because he is no longer living. He died in the battle, as his chariot broke into the

Egyptian ranks. It is said that his wife has taken up the dead body and brought it hither beside her in the carriage; and her servants are digging a grave on a certain eminence by the river Pactolus. Panthea has decked him with all the ornaments she has, and is sitting on the ground, with his head on her knees."

Cyrus smote himself, with an exclamation of deep sorrow. Having given orders to prepare rich ornaments, and sheep, oxen, and horses, suitable for the burial of a prince, a friend, and an excellent man, he set off with a thousand horsemen, toward the scene of affliction.

When he came in sight of Panthea, with the dead body reposing on her lap, he could not restrain his tears. "Alas! thou brave and faithful soul! and hast thou gone from us?" said he, affectionately taking the right hand of Abradatas. The hand separated from the wrist, for it had been cut off by the Egyptians. Panthea shrieked piteously, and taking the hand from Cyrus, she kissed it, and endeavored to fit it to its place. "The rest is in the same condition, Cyrus," said she; "but why should you see it. I know that I was partly the cause of his sufferings. Fool that I was! I exhorted him to behave in such a manner as to gain your notice. He has died without reproach; and I, who urged him on, sit here alive."

Cyrus, for some time wept in silence; at last he said, "Woman, he has died a noble death, for he died victorious. Be assured he shall not want respect and honor in all things. Such sacrifices shall be offered as are proper for a brave man, and a monument shall be raised worthy of him and us. You shall be provided for, and such honors paid to you as your virtues deserve, at my hands. Do but make known to me where you wish to go, and suitable attendance shall be immediately furnished. Panthea expressed her gratitude, adding, "Be assured, Cyrus, I will soon let you know to whom I wish to go."

The generous king went away, full of grief that those, who had loved each other so well, should be thus cruelly separated. When he had gone Panthea dismissed all the attendants, except her nurse, to whom she gave orders that her body, when she was dead, should be wrapped in the same

mantle with her husband. The nurse, suspecting her intention, entreated her to change her purpose; and finding her prayers of no avail, she sat down and burst into tears. Panthea plunged a sword into her heart, and laying her head upon her husband's breast, expired. The nurse uttered a shriek of lamentation; and when she saw that all was indeed over, she covered the bodies, as she had been directed.

When the three servants discovered what had been done after they were sent away, they likewise killed themselves. Cyrus then caused a magnificent monument to be erected, on which the names of Abradatus and Panthea were inscribed in Syriac letters. Below were three pillars, raised in commemoration of the faithful attendants.

The last act of the unfortunate Panthea must not be judged too harshly. She lived before the light of the gospel had dawned upon the world; and in those stern times self-sacrifice, under such circumstances, was deemed a sublime virtue.

Without knowing it to be a sin, she rushed from a world where she saw nothing remaining for her but the lingering death of a breaking heart, and we can only hope that her spirit was soon united to him she loved, in a region where ignorance is enlightened, and goodness made perfect.

**IMPORTANT ADVICE.**—What wars and bloodshed might be avoided; how many duels might be prevented; how much strife, contention and bitter feeling amongst men might be suppressed; how much peace and harmony might exist on this side the grave, (even without reference to the tremendous consequences which lie beyond,) if men, in their intercourse with each other, would constantly bear in mind the advice of a distinguished French writer, who says: "Never speak or write when you are angry or in a passion, for it is always dangerous to put to sea during a storm."

Hope is the last lingering light of the human heart. It shines when every other is put out. Extinguish it and the gloom of affliction becomes the very blackest of darkness—cheerless and impenetrable.

## A DAUGHTER OF THE PEOPLE.

(L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.)

How strong, how brave, how exalted it makes the spirit to dwell upon the history of a lovely, gifted, and heroic woman!

MADAME ROLAND was all this, and much more. In glancing back over the records of a mighty Past, no name shines with fairer lustre than that of this master spirit of the Girondists.

Mademoiselle Phlippon was a "daughter of the people,"—her father an engraver, and a "perturbed spirit;" her mother a beautiful, quiet, and devout woman. Jane was an only child, her parents were her playmates, and books her greatest pleasure. She was extraordinary even as a child. At four years of age she read, and what is more, understood what she read, and yet that ripeness of intellect which distinguished her could not properly be called precocity, for that conveys the idea of something premature, while maturity of mind in her seems to have been perfectly sound and natural.

In early youth she was educated at a convent, and imbibing the doctrines of the Church of Rome, became, like her mother, a devout Catholic.

At the age of twenty-five she was married to M. Roland; a scholar, a philosopher, and a most worthy man, but twenty-five years her senior. The five years immediately subsequent to her marriage, were spent at La Platier, the country-seat of M. Roland, near Lyons. These were the happiest and brightest days of her eventful life, her husband was proud of her, and loved her most devotedly, and here their only child, Eudora, was born.

When the Revolution dawned upon France, M. and Mme. Roland enthusiastically espoused the cause of the Republic, and removed from La Platier to Paris. Here he was chosen Minister of the Interior,—he became the head and his lovely wife the *heart* of the Girondist party. She devoted herself to the cause of LIBERTY; her saloon was crowded with the noble and the gifted, and she swayed those bold spirits at her will; yet was her influence a quiet one, for she was no Amazon, but a loving, modest, gifted, and dignified *woman*. Ro-

bespierre was wont to linger about her for hours, carefully treasuring up her eloquent words, and bold ideas, which he would afterwards audaciously thunder forth before the Convention as his own! About this time too she saved the life of the ingrate, who afterwards condemned her to the guillotine!

When Louis was no longer looked upon as the head of the nation, the letter from his minister, demanding his abdication was dictated by Madame Roland; and the haughty reply, refusing the demand, and deposing the minister, dictated by the noble-hearted, but imperious and short-sighted Queen,—Maria Antoinette. Who will say that the world's rulers are *men*? They may be the throne, but there is a "power behind the throne"—*woman*. And yet, let woman not speak of her power boastfully, or with vain-glorious thoughts, but remember that in exact proportion to her influence, so is her responsibility, and let her the more humbly and earnestly strive that every such influence may be exerted *for good*.

Once again, for a brief space, Madame Roland, with her husband, sought the delightful seclusion of La Platier, but ere long we find them again in Paris, and M. Roland at the head of affairs. Louis and Maria Antoinette were then prisoners, and the Jacobins were in the ascendant. When the Girondist leaders were arrested, Madame Roland assisted her husband to escape, but she herself was torn from her child, and dragged to prison. A few days subsequent to the celebrated "last banquet" of the Girondist leaders, and their execution, she underwent a mock trial, when she was condemned as being the *wife of her husband*, and the *friend of his friends*,—and sentenced to the guillotine by Robespierre,—a monster of ingratitude, as well as of cruelty and blood!

She bore her imprisonment cheerfully, she sustained all her misfortunes with a noble fortitude, and she met her fate in a spirit of the loftiest heroism. A martyr, brave and beautiful, her only crimes were her intellect and her heroism. After her execution her daughter was adopted by a dear friend. But her husband upon hearing of her death, fell upon his own sword; a paper being pinned to his breast wheron

he had written that he could not exist, now that his wife was no more!

In laying down the history of this most noble woman, we are conscious of one regretful feeling,—sorrow that this heroic spirit should have had, in its last sad hour upon earth, no *certain* triumphant, and exultant hope of Heaven. She pauses upon the scaffold to apostrophize the genius of **Liberty**,—that grand principle for which she lived, and for which she died; but oh! how the heart yearns to hear her utter, in ecstatic hope, and joy, as did the martyred *La Pucelle* amid the flames, "JESUS!" Madame Roland had lived long enough to understand the **Church** of Rome, and to abandon its faith, but no *certain* belief in "Our Father who art in Heaven" supported her in place of the saints she had cast aside. Her noble nature, instinct with hope, veneration, and the love of truth and right, formed for itself a supreme, and merciful Being, whom she could love and trust, but yet her belief was only a vague and cold philosophy compared with that tender and loving faith with which the Christian spirit looks up to Heaven, finding there a Father, a friend, and an eternal home. And yet I can *feel* that now her home is bright and blessed, for she walked by the lights granted to her, and "God, our God!" is Love!

Forest Home, 1858.

#### "THEY HAVE FAITH."

"Now I lay down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

O, innocent, guileless childhood! How simple, yet how gloriously sublime thy trust! How little dost thou ask, and yet how great thy blessing! How powerless seem thy words unto the world—but oh, how mighty with the angels!

Jesus loved little children, and He took them in His arms and blessed them, saying: "Suffer little children to come unto to me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and with the same God-like gentleness, He still is drawing round about their untrammelled hearts the influences of a better world than this, and loved and loving, they

are ever coming to Him,—coming with full trust—leaving all in His charge.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Fearing naught, believing in the truth, giving unto Him who gave it, the guardianship of the immortal spirit, I pray the Lord my soul to keep." O, for the strength of that trust! For the "peace that passeth knowledge"—felt, but *never* understood, which cometh only from our Heavenly Father. Not for the glories of earth—for wealth, for fame, for knowledge, is the prayer; only *this*, on earth—"I pray the Lord my soul to keep." But if the strange shadow cometh; if the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken; if in the still hour the White Angel draweth near;

"If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

This is all. Aye, this is *all*! O, Earth and Heaven, how near. And the shining hosts are filled with joy; and the golden harps re-echo to the gladness; and the little prayer is wasted on—on to the Great White Throne, and the God of ALL heareth —He who answereth prayer. It is enough. —Roselia.

For the Aurora.

Night lay like a shadow upon the earth. Away, far from "the haunts of men," among the grim mountains, where darkness shrouded their summits in weird-like folds, or brooded among the deep ravines and valleys at their bases.

Night, dim and shadowy, in the forest, where the wild flowers close their delicate petals, and the wind-spirit had ceased its murmurings among the leaves; when only the thrilling tones of the night-bird trembled upon the still air, and awakened the echoes to soft responses.

Night in the city, where, ever since the dawn, confusion, care and pleasure, have been visible to sight and sound. There had been passing to and fro; men with busy, anxious care upon their brows; youths with pleasure in their hearts and voices; bright forms of beauty garbed for folly's throng; pale, wan women, with their watchful eyes and wearied footsteps; gay children of the fashionable and rich, and little tattered beggars, with their pleading

voices. Gay carriages had hurried through the streets, bearing bright forms to scenes of joy—and now the dismal hearse had passed through the multitudes, as it carried to its last resting-place some inhabitant of that city, while the solemn church-bell pealed out the mournful hymn, “Vanity of vanities ; all is vanity.” But now, all was silent, save where the watchman trod his weary round, or some low wretch hurried to his hut. How kindly the pale moon and solemn stars looked down upon the deserted streets ; it shed its silvery beams upon the palatial houses, and the squalid huts, the silent churches, and the graves of the dead.

It was night upon the great deep, whose foam-crested waves flashed with reflected gems, where the white sails of fairy boats were rocked amid the billows, and great lone ships, like huge dark spectres, rock over the waves.

It was night ; in a quiet house, surrounded by lovely gardens, in which were bright flowers with their sweet incense, and sparkling fountains whose waters murmured sweet music. Within a chamber a lamp was burning, revealing, with its soft radiance, the plainly neat furniture, and near a window a low couch, upon which lay a sick boy. The widowed mother was kneeling alone by his side, and watching the disturbed slumbers of “her only boy,” anxiously she heard the hurried breath and gazed upon the death-dew, which was already beading his brow. Gently the breeze came in at the open window, laden with sweet fragrance from flowers, softly it breathed amid the damp locks of her boy ; the silvery light of the quiet moon beamed in, and the eloquent mystery of the stars seemed wooing her from her sorrow, yet she heeded naught save the marble form before her. The blue eyes of the boy opened, and a new lustre beamed from their depths, as he feebly whispered to his mother of heaven—of the bright world whose glories were already bursting upon his vision, of the father whose dear face he hoped to meet there, and of the angels who waited to bear him to “the gates of the golden city.” Till now the mother had been as one bereft of reason, for, again and again had she murmured at the hard lot which afflicted her, and at times almost

cursed the hour of her birth, since existence seemed only given her that she might suffer. But the loving tones of her child called her back, and when he begged her no longer to complain, but to meet him in heaven, tears fell from her eyes, and she prayed to the Heavenly Father for forgiveness. The breath of the boy grew fainter, and, with the name of *mother* on his lips, he *fell asleep*. The sound of sobs was hushed, the lamp burned more dimly, the light of the moon and stars faded out of the sky ; up, far away from the slumbering earth, were the forms of angels, bearing upon their shining pinions, a new-born spirit, and in heaven were “glad tidings” of the birth of this cherub spirit, and the return of a wandering sinner to the “Throne of Mercy.”

Think you not there were “loud hallelujahs” in that far world where *night never cometh.*

RUTH.

**GREAT IDEAS AND SMALL DUTIES.**—A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties. The divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies. So far from petty principles being best proportioned to petty trials, a heavenly spirit taking up its abode with us can alone sustain well the daily toils, and tranquility pass the humiliations of our condition. Even in intellectual culture, the ripest knowledge is the best qualified to instruct the most complete ignorance. So the trivial services of social life are the best performed, and the lesser particles of domestic happiness are most skilfully organized by the deepest and fairest heart.—*Miss Martineau.*

If the architect of a house had one plan, and the contractor had another, what conflicts would there be ! How many walls would have to come down, how many doors and windows would need to be altered before the two could harmonize ! Of the building of life God is the architect, and man the contractor. God has one plan and man has another. Is it strange that there are clashings and collisions ?

God helps those that help themselves.

For the Aurora.

## VISIT TO WOODBURY.

We were *en route* for Woodbury bright and early on Wednesday morning, July 7. J. and I were in fine spirits, and enjoyed the first part of our journey very much, only we did not move as swiftly as we desired.

We passed a very beautiful little pond, whereon J. bestowed the very attractive title of "Silver Lake." We kept an almost incessant conversation for some miles, but at last our spirits began to flag, and only an occasional murmur broke the silence, and we thought we would never get there.

We passed down Main street in Woodbury. It is a very nice little town. Several churches, stores, and a court house, form its chief attractions.

We arrived at M—'s about 10 o'clock, and were soon in the arms of loved old friends. It is a beautiful place, completely surrounded with locust trees, having the appearance of a bird's nest nestled away down among the green bowers, and hence the name, "Bird's-nest Cottage."

After an early dinner and a refreshing nap, we started for the spring, which is just below the hill on which the house is situated. Clear, cold water gushed from under a rock, and ran sparkling over the pebbles. A magnificent sycamore afforded us a most delightful shade, and the long grass, bending over the brink of the stream, formed a lovely rural scene.

The next morning we went out walking, with the intention of climbing a lofty hill. It was nearly perpendicular, and consequently fatiguing. T— and I were nearly exhausted, but J. would cry out 'Nil desperandum' and 'Excelsior' till we reached the top. Had it not been for the trees that grew over it we should have had a fine view of the surrounding country. Through the twining foliage of the trees we had bright glimpses of the blue sky above, and an occasional ray of sunshine lighted up the dense shade.

How pleasant it was to leave, far, far behind, the dusty heated city, with all its hollow mocking, and be with something pure and true! to forget the cold conventionalities of society for a season, and enjoy ourselves truly.

A. came for us in the afternoon, and we accompanied her home. That evening we had a beautiful serenade—fine music. The river was near her house, and we went down to the mill. It was a sweet sound to hear the water dashing over the rocks and running noiselessly away, and the white spray that arose from it and vanished in the air. We saw the men seining, it being quite novel to us. We enjoyed our visit to A— exceedingly, and are hoping some time to repeat it.

The day before we left we had a pic-nic, or fishing party, as we called it, though none of us tried to catch any fish. (There was one Fish-er in the crowd.) About fifteen composed our party, we spread our dinner under the trees on the bank of the river, and we had a most excellent one too. As soon as we had finished we leaped into the gondola, cried "All aboard!" and were rowed down the stream. One of the crew struck up "My boat is on the shore," and the rest joined.

The flashing of the oars, the merry shouts of the party, their smiling, happy faces, will long, long be remembered.

There was a small green spot in the river we called Curlee Isle, in honor of one of the gentlemen of our party, such glorious times as we had. But, before we reached home, the unwelcome tidings were communicated that we were summoned home to the city.

The last evening we spent with our friends was a happy one, notwithstanding we were sad at the idea of leaving, for we knew not in what different scenes we would again meet. Years may pass away, and the old homestead fall to decay, the ivy twine above the walls, the lonely hooting of the owl be the only sound to break the solemn stillness, and the morn's cold light stream in through the broken panes, "yet memory, living to the last," shall treasure up these "Olden, golden days of long ago."

As the dim outlines of our friends' residences grew fainter and fainter, and the blue hills passed away in the misty distance, I almost unconsciously found myself repeating, "O, thy hills and thy valleys are sacred all to me!"

EFFIE ROSE.

Murfreesboro', July, 1858.

## "TOO MIRTHFUL"

"Do stop that girl's laughing. It really makes me nervous to hear her. From morning till night her mouth is open, either laughing or singing, just as if there was no trouble or sin in the world. I never saw such a rattle-brained thing as she is in all my life!"

So Hetty was made to suppress her glee, and sing low. This was the utmost that that her rulers could accomplish, for the girl's heart was light within her, and overflow it would.

But check after check was given her; and month after month she was told, with awful seriousness, that she was too wild, too merry, too imaginative; that it was her duty to measure her steps, her morals, her very smiles; to hold down her imagination; always to turn her thoughts towards reading, cooking, and sewing, when she caught them starting off for a revel in the regions of beauty and delight—for the fair fair skies of fancy; and always to wait till she didn't care whether she moved or stood still, spoke, or held her tongue, when she glowed with a quick impulse to do or say something.

Well they managed to tone Hetty down somewhat; but she never could be made to become exactly serious and proper until the hand of sorrow took her hand and pressed it so hard—so very hard—that the joyousness which had so long dwelt singing in it was crushed out and went, none knew whither. Many burdens were bound for poor Hetty's heart and it bore them bravely till the spring of joy was broken: then each additional load pressed down with more hopeless weight. Now she is what blindly they tried to make her when she was a child.

Oh! let the children and the maidens laugh and sing. Do not—oh! do not—be always checking and rebuking them for being gay. Little time enough have they before care will begin its gnawing, and grief its pain. They will grow old and grave anon, never fear. Their glory will soon enough be darkened, their buoyancy cease. The canker and the blights will not pass by them. Darkness and disaster, sooner or later, shuts down the morning light of all. Oh—the fated, the unconscious young! But

let them while the impulse yet is in them, laugh, and play, and sing. And if, perchance ere the merry days are over, any sleep, murmur not.

"Happy are the early dead."

## WOMAN.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

No star in yonder sky that shines  
Can light like woman's eye impart,  
The earth holds not in all its mines  
A gem so rich as woman's heart;  
Her voice is like the music sweet  
Poured out from fairy harp alone;  
Like that when storms more loudly beat,  
It yields a clearer, richer tone.

And woman's love, a holy light,  
That brighter, brighter burns, for aye;  
Years cannot dim its radiance bright,  
Nor even falsehood quench its ray;  
But like the star of Bethlehem,  
Of old to Israel's shepherds given,  
It marshals with its steady flame  
The erring soul of man to Heaven.

## THE NEIGHBOR IN LAW.

"So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find nobody to envy you. If her temper does not prove too much even for your good nature, it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long any body ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fairweather, "she has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember; her father was too severe with her; and the only lover she ever had borrowed the savings of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features, and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. In the midst of her greatest poverty many were the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover whom she had too much sense to marry. Then you know she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clothing!" replied Mrs. Lane.

"The poor child looks cold and pinched, and frightened all the time, as if she were chased by the east wind. I used to tell Miss Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat, as it runs by the window, aunt Hetty gives her a rap over the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as herself!"

"That must have been very improving to her disposition replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humored smile. "But in justice to poor aunt Hetty, you ought to remember that she had just such a cheerless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think every body ought to live in sunshine," rejoined Mrs. Lane; "and it must be confessed that you carry it with you where you go. If Miss Turnpenny *has* a heart, I dare say you will find it out though I never could, and I never heard of any one else that could. All the families within hearing of her tongue called her the neighbor in law."

Certainly, the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy, was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the building had one common yard in front. The first day she took possession of her habitation, she called on the neighbor in law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbor should want hot water before her own coal arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there is a pump across the street; I do not like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbor Turnpenny, replied Mrs. Fairweather; "it is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbors. I will try to keep every thing as bright as a new five cent piece for I see that will please you. I came in merely to say good morning, and to ask if you could spare little Peggy to run up and down stairs for me, while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty began to purse up her mouth for a refusal; put the promise of sixpence

an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright color flushed her cheeks. She was evidently of an impressible temperament, for good or evil. "Now mind and behave yourself," said aunt Hetty; "and see that you keep at work the whole time and if I hear one word of complaint, you know what you will get when you come home." The rose color subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered, "Yes, ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbor's house all went quiet otherwise. No switch lay on the table, and instead of, "Mind how you do that; if you do not, I will punish you," she heard the gentle words, "There dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Why, what a nice handy little girl you are!" Under these enlivening influences, Peggy worked like a bee, and soon began to hum much more agreeable than a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "Stop your noise, and mind your work." But the new friend patted her on the head, and said, "What a pleasant voice the little girl has! It is like the birds in the fields. By and by, you shall hear my music-box." This opened wide the windows of the poor little shut-up heart so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out carolling.

The happy child tuned up like a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs, on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures as to what sort of a thing a music-box might be. She was a little afraid that the kind lady would forget to show it to her. She kept at work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked very curiously at every thing that resembled a box. At last, Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your little feet must be tired by this time. We will rest a while, and eat some gingerbread." The child took the offered cake, with an humble little curtsey, and carefully held out her apron to prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped,

and the crumbs were all strewed about. "Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in this room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that was the music-box; and after a while she opened it, and explained what made the sounds. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures, till she called her.

The little girl stepped forward eagerly to take them, and then drew back, as if she was afraid. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather; "I am very willing to trust you with the books. I keep them on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked down, with her finger on her lip, and answered, in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turnpenny will not like it if I play." "Do not trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the enjoyment of the picture-books; and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labors of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence. "It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty; "if I had heard any complaint, I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was whether the new neighbor would want her service again during the day. Her desire that it should be so soon became obvious to Aunt Hetty, and excited an undefined jealousy and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging to herself what were her own motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and leave it on the frontier line of her neighbor's premises. Peggy ventured to ask timidly whether the wind would not blow it about, and she received a box on the ear for her impertinence.

It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, quite unintentionally, heard the words and the

blow. She gave aunt Hetty's anger time enough to cool, then stepped out into the court, and, after arranging divers little matters, she called aloud to her own domestic, "Sally, how came you to leave this pile of dirt here? Didn't I tell you Miss Turnpenny was very neat? Pray, make haste and sweep it up. I would not have her see it on any account. I told her I would try to keep every thing nice about the premises. She is so particular herself, and it is a comfort to have tidy neighbors." The girl, who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out, with brush and dust-pan; and swept quietly away the pile that was intended as a declaration of frontier war.

But another source of annoyance presented itself, which could not be quite so easily disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean, scraggy animal, that looked as if she were often kicked and seldom fed; and Mrs. Fairweather had a fat, frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a distaste to poor poverty-stricken Tab the first time he saw her, and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink, but he was any thing but a pink of behavior in his neighborly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of the door, without being saluted with a growl, and a short, sharp bark, that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run into the house, with her fur all on end. If she even ventured to doze a little on her own doorstep, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed, he would wake her with a bark, and a box on the ear, and off he would run. Aunt Hetty vowed that she would scald him. It was a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep dogs to worry their neighbors' cats.

Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavored to teach her dog to eat from the same plate. But Pink sturdily resolved that he would be scalded first. He could not have been more firm in his opposition, if he and Tab had belonged to different parties in politics. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head, and reasoning the point with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference amounting almost to toleration; but the moment he was left to his own free will, he would give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw,

and send her home spitting like a small steam-engine. Aunt Hetty considered it her own peculiar privilege to cuff the poor animal, and it was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions, she rushed into her neighbor's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand resting on her hip, and the forefinger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I will not put up with such treatment much longer," said she; "I will poison that dog: you will see if I do not; and I shall not wait long, either, I can tell you. What you keep such an impudent little beast for, I do not know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbors!"

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather, mildly. "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Mrs. Turnpenny. "What do you mean by calling her *poor*? Do you mean to fling it up to me that my cat has not enough to eat?"

"I did not think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbor Turnpenny; it is not right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighborhood. I am attached to poor little Pink, because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarrelling with the cat; but if he will not be neighborly I will send him out into the country to board. Sally, will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning, I should like to have Miss Turnpenny taste of them?"

The crabbed neighbor was helped most abundantly, and while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron said many a kind word respecting little Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable, industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," rejoined aunt Hetty; "I should get precious little work out of her if I did not keep the switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the beast stir, for all his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbor tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung directly before the donkey's nose, and off he set on a brisk trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of Peggy, said, "That will do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something, as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still, and the other makes him trot, it is easy to decide which is the more economical. But, neighbor Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mould before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come in for a quarrel, and she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie. "Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said she, "you *are* a neighbor. I thank you a thousand times." When she reached her own door, she hesitated for an instant, then turned back, pie in hand, to say, "Neighbor Fairweather, you need not trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It is natural you should like the little dog seeing he belongs to your son. I will try to keep Tab in doors, and perhaps after a while they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly matron. "We will try them a while longer, and if they persist in quarrelling, I will send the dog into the country." Pink, who was sleeping in a chair, stretched himself

and gaped. His kind mistress patted him on the head, "Ah, you foolish little beast," said she, "what is the use of plaguing poor Tab?"

"Well, I do say," observed Sally, smiling, "you are a clever woman for stopping a quarrel."

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," rejoined Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty morning, I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was one of those cold, snapping mornings, when a slight thing irritates both man and beast. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon, the neighbor kicked, and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking and hooking each other, with all fury. My mother laughed, and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit.' Just so I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears, some frosty morning. Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, children. Remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never give a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a deal of trouble.'"

That same afternoon, the sunshiny dame stepped into aunt Hetty's rooms, where she found Peggy sewing, as usual, with the little switch on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to Harlem, on business," said she; "I feel rather lonely without company, and I always like to have a child with me. If you will oblige me by letting Peggy go, I will pay her fare in the omnibus."

"She has her spelling lesson to get before night," replied aunt Hetty. "I do not approve of young folks going a pleasure, and neglecting their education."

"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbor; "but I think there is a great deal of educa-

tion that is not found in books. The fresh air will make Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy that she will do great credit to your bringing up." The sugared words, and the remembrance of the sugared pie, touched the soft place in Miss Turnpenny's heart, and she told the astonished Peggy that she might go and put on her best gown and bonnet. The poor child began to think that this new neighbor was certainly one of the good fairies she had read about in the picture-books. The excursion was enjoyed as only a city child can enjoy the country. The world seems such a pleasant place, when the fetters are off, and Nature folds the young heart lovingly on her bosom. A flock of real birds and two living butterflies put the little orphan in a real ecstasy. She pointed to the fields covered with dandelions, and said, "See, how pretty! It looks as if the stars had come down to lie on the grass." Ah! our little stinted Peggy has poetry in her, though aunt Hetty never found it out. Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand them.

Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher, in her own small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant tune; and when winter came, she tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into a consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she; "and he says he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation, for her voice will lead the whole school, and her ear is so quick it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbor Turnpenny. It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The cordage of aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invi-

tation, and was so much pleased that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, and the sweet young voices, fell like the dew on her dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbor's example. The red silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say to her, "When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done." Bless me, how the fingers flew. Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

When spring came, Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbor. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point; but she would sometimes say, "I have no room to plant this rose-bush. Neighbor Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room, and will need no care." At another time she would say, "Well, really, my ground is too full. Here is a root of lady's delight. How bright and pert it looks. It seems a pity to throw it away. If you are willing, I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds that will come up and blossom in all the chinks of the bricks. I love it; it is such a bright, good-natured little thing." Thus, by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded with flowers; and she even declared, of her own accord, that they did look very pretty.

One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed-grown yard bright and beautiful. Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep in the sunshine, with her paw upon Pink's neck, and

little Peggy was singing at her work, as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerful you look here!" said Mrs. Lane. "And so you have really taken the house for another year. Pray, how do you manage to get on with the neighbor in law?"

"I find her a very kind, obliging neighbor," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, this is a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it never was thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth part of the wickedness there is."

From this gospel of joy, preached and practised, nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy. Her nature, which was fast growing crooked and knotty, under the malign influence of constraint and fear, straightened up, budded and blossomed, in the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness.

Her affections and faculties were kept in such cheerful exercise, that constant lightness of heart made her almost handsome. The young music-teacher thought her more than almost handsome, for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than on others; and love makes all things beautiful.

When the orphan removed to her pleasant little cottage, on her wedding day, she threw her arms around the blessed missionary of sunshine, and said, "Ah, thou dear good aunt, it is thou who hast made my life Fairweather!"

CHRISTIAN HABITS OF MIND.—"As for myself," wrote Harriet Newall to an early friend, "I can say that if I never felt the power of religion, yet it is a theme upon which I love to converse, write and reflect."

## A CHILD'S RELIGION.

'Mother,' said little Anna Green, 'Fannie Blake plays just like the rest of us; and you said you thought she was a Christian.'

'And so does Tommy Scott,' says Edward; 'he bats his ball as high as any of the boys.'

'Well, *how should they play*, my dear children,' said Mrs. Green, 'if they cannot play like those of their own age? But I have no doubt that you would see some difference, if you were to take notice.'

'How, mother?' said Anna.

'Do you think,' said Mrs. Green, 'she is as selfish in her play as some others? Will she deceive, or make believe she has done what others could not? Does she ever lead you into difficulties? Is she sly and cunning, leading others astray, influencing them to do wrong, so that they receive punishment, while she escapes; as you say Barbara Rand does?'

'No, indeed! She is really good to us, and when she sees any one doing wrong she tries to prevent it. If one girl teases or troubles another, she always comforts the injured one, and makes the most of those that the other girls dislike.'

'There,' says Edward, 'now I guess I know what Mr. Goodyear, the minister, meant, when he said that children could have religion, but then it was a *'child's religion'*.'

'Yes, Edward,' said his mother, 'religion has the same effect upon a *child* in his play, that it has upon a *man* in his business. In a word, it makes both less selfish, it makes them strive to do others what they would have others do to them. The fruits of the spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, etc., and don't children love and hate? Do not some fight, while others are peaceable? Do not some forgive injuries and suffer long with their playmates?'

'Yes, mother,' said Anna, 'I know one

little girl that strikes for every thing that she does not like.'

'Well,' said Edward, 'Joe Miller is good. He gave a new Testament to a boy who always *threw* stones at him, and it made the boy so ashamed, that he never *threw* another.'

'But if he gave it to him to keep him from hurting him, he might do it from selfish motives, and that would not be religion,' said Mrs. Green.

'O, he did not, mother; he said that he read it in his Bible, that he must 'return good for evil,' and he says that when he does, he *feels happy*. I know Joe Miller is a Christian.'

'I think I can see a difference,' said Anna, 'for Susy Lee took a bonnet, and because it looked shabby, she tore off a braid, and put her fingers through it, and the little girl that owned it cried, and said it was the best she had, and she should have to stay at home from the Sunday-school, for her mother could not buy her another. And don't you think, Fanny Blake mended it up, and fixed her a pretty cottage straw out of one of her's, for a meeting bonnet.'

'I am sorry,' said Edward, 'that I said anything about Tommy Scott, for he never will look off when he reads the Bible, and he says they are hypocrites who try to make the scholars laugh, when they are repeating 'keep us from temptation.'

'I wish I was a Christian,' said Anna.

'So do I,' said Edward.—*Recorder.*

INTERCOURSE WITH CHILDREN.—The most essential point in our intercourse with children is to be perfectly true ourselves. Every other interest ought to be sacrificed to that of truth. When we in any way deceive a child, we not only show him a pernicious example, but we also lose our influence over him forever.

## THE ROPE-WALK.

It was one of the first days of spring, when a lady, who had been watching by the sick bed of her mother for some weeks, went out to take a little exercise and enjoy the fresh air. She hoped that she might hear a bird sing, or see some little wild flower which would speak to her of her future hope, for her heart was full of anxiety and sorrow. After walking some distance she came to a rope-walk. She was familiar with the place and entered. At one end of the building she saw a little boy turning a large wheel; she thought it too laborious for such a child, and as she came near she spoke to him.

'Who sent you to this place?' she asked.  
'Nobody—I came of myself.'

'Does your father know you are here?'  
'I have no father.'

'Are you paid for your labor?'  
'Yes; I get ninepence a-day.'

'Do you like this work?'

'Well enough; but if I did not, I should do it, that I might get the money for my mother.'

'How long do you work in the day?'

'From nine to eleven in the morning, and from two till five in the afternoon.'

'How old are you?'

'Almost nine.'

'Do you ever get tired of turning this great wheel?'

'Yes, sometimes.'

'And what do you do then?'

'I take the other hand!'

The lady gave him a piece of money?'

'Is this for my mother?' he asked, looking pleased.

'No, it is for yourself.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' the boy said, and the lady departed.

She went home strengthened in her devotion to duty, and instructed in true practical philosophy, by the words and example

of a little child. 'The next time,' she said to herself, 'that duty seems hard to me, I will remember the child, and take the other hand.'

## WHAT FAME COSTS.

When Judson, the great pioneer of the American Missions was in this country, I chanced to meet him in New York one day, coming out of a densely crowded church, whither he had come to attend a Missionary Convention. Laying his hand on my shoulder, he said:

'Do your shoulders ache?'

I replied in the negative.

'Well, mine do. Every bone in my body aches. I have had my hands nearly shaken off to-day. It costs something to be the subject of needless attentions. I wish I was back in Burmah at my work. I cannot steal into the remotest corner without hearing "there's Judson! there's Judson!" I am brought before the public when I do not wish to be; and, passing his hand over the back of his head, (he had but little gray hair,) "shortly I shall have no hair on my head."

We were still standing in the vestibule of the church, and looking about for the cause of this somewhat singular remark, I beheld a crowd of ladies, the foremost one holding in one hand a pair of scissors, and in the other a lock of Judson's hair, which she had taken, it seems, without 'leave or license.'

At this moment, Judson turned on me with a look which I shall never forget, and added, with emphasis and deep emotion, 'Yes, and these same people would let the cause of Missions DIE!'—*N. Y. Observer.*

You want air, not physic; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give.

## THE WIDOW'S CONSOLATION.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"Poor little Katy! with your red and frozen feet, and your blue lips, come here, child—what are you doing to-day?"

"Picking up broken wood, ma'm, and little chips for mammy to make her fire with. I got a big lot yesterday, but oh! it's so cold!"

"I wonder the tears do not freeze in your blue eyes! Poor little icy fingers! Here, let me hold them in my warm gloves. Is your name Katy, my child?"

"Yes'm; didn't you know me?"

"I never saw you before, little one; never heard of you, but I thought your name must be Katy." Then to herself she said—"It is almost her living image! how wonderful!" "Again she spoke—"Where do you live, and why are you clothed so thinly? Can't you get warm shoes, my child? and are these old rags all you have for this frosty weather?"

Yes'm; I ain't had only rags this many a day. I didn't never have any whole shoes, I guess, unless when I was a little baby; and mother—the voice quivered now—"mother says she wishes I was dead 'cause I cost so much."

Rich furs and cloak of velvet covered a richer heart, there, for the sweet looking woman took the child away from her half-filled basket, and entering a store opposite, bought her a pair of warm, thick shoes and some woolen stockings, while the large blue eyes of the child followed her movements with a bewildered stare.

"There! Little Katy, now go home and take your basket to your mother. You needn't gather any more chips to-day, for here is money enough to last a week; but to-morrow have your face nice and clean, and your hair combed and curled, and stand on the same corner where I saw you first; I shall have something pretty for you."

"Yes'm;" replied Katy, and stood still bewildered, looking first at the shoes, and then at the money, casting a long tearful glance down the street to watch, and without knowing it, pray for the sweet lady gliding off so gracefully, and then, springing, singing, like a little bird, Katy went home.

Up one avenue, down another, crossing now a narrow street where the thick walled houses cast a gloomy shadow—now a wide, grand promenade, where from windows lined with costly laces, the brightest eyes and most coral lips peeped forth—still on moved little Katy's friend till she came to a splended mansion. The sun struck golden shapes all over the great glistening plate-glass windows. The silver on the door shone like a mirror; the steps were of whitest and purest marble: all was bright and beautiful, and like a great monument bore upon its imposing front, sacred to wealth. Alas! it was also sacred to sorrow; it was a costly mausoleum. Shrouded woe sat daily looking out from its magnificent shrine.

Tripping up the steps, pulling at the glittering bell-handle the lady gained an entrance, then moving as one familiar with the way, she entered a darkened room profusely draped, and in which there seemed to be neither life nor motion.

But a slight rustling was heard, and a pale, sad-faced woman, still young, still beautiful, moved from a lounge, and coming forward greeted her visitor.

"Still weeping—still refusing to be comforted!" said the latter with a sweet, but half reproachful air. "Dear Annie, how you grieve all who love you! Does heaven give you no comfort?"

"None," replied the other, speaking in a heavy, listless voice; "my heart grows heavier as the slow time wears away. I would I could build a humble home near

Katie's grave and live in its shadow the few days allotted me."

"O ! Annie ! what shall I say to comfort you, since you say our holy religion does not ? Do you not love to picture the beautiful little angel as a ministering spirit in heaven ? She may be now near you."

"I cannot realize it," replied the other ; "this weary weight of woe crushes me continually. Think of it sister ; first of our mother—then my husband, young, buoyant, happy, beloved—now my child, my *only* one. O !" she cried with a sob, "God forgive me, but I cannot think He needed them as much as I did."

"You will be sorry some day for speaking thus of the Most High, Annie." After a moment's pause she asked, Have you been out to-day ?"

"Once was the reply.

"But to walk, I mean ?"

"No I only drove to Katie's grave."

"Will you walk with me to-morrow Annie ?"

"How can you ask it ? What, mingle in the heartless throng ! behold the traffic of the gay world ! hear children's happy voices ! See them at play ! See mothers with their beloved ones ! Behold babes gathering about the step of the poor—who never lose their little ones," she added bitterly. "Oh ! how can you ask it ?"

"Annie, there are homeless children—the poor *are* sometimes called to lay down the broken cross of life, leaving their children the thorns at its head—dear Annie ——"

"Say on," murmured the mourner lifting her languid eyes.

"If I dared suggest—if you only would—would—adopt—"

The young widow raised her hand with a deprecating motion. "That is enough," she cried in a voice of anguish—"don't, don't wound me afresh. O ! I looked for you to come, thinking you would give me consolation. Instead of that you suggest

something so horrible—my angelic child ! O ! mothers angel-darling—to fill *your* place !" Her eyes were raised to the portrait of a child. Soft golden shades stole over the rich tinting, sifting as they did through amber-colored curtains. The hair was brown and rippling, falling around the neck and temples in loose, large curls, with a tint of yellow gloss in every delicate wave. The eyes were heaven's own blue, deep and full of spiritual light, the features were lovely, very lovely—the child looked an angel.

"I am going away, Annie, going very soon you know, and I thought you might give me the sweet pleasure—but since it makes you unhappy, I will not ask you again. I have at home a little frock of Katie's—you remember the blue one ; and some other things which were laid aside at the time of her last visit ; shall I bring them to-morrow ?"

"Yes please do ; I missed them. Every thing she ever wore—every thing she touched or looked upon, is sacred to me now."

Her sister had gone, and throwing herself helplessly upon her lounge again, Annie Worthington sobbed with a bitterness that shook her slight frame.

"And them's all the chips you brought home ! You little graceless good for nothing ! You little—gracious ! child alive, how came you with all that money ?"

"Somebody give it to me ;" returned little Katy triumphantly—"and them too ;" displaying her thick shoes and stockings.

"Now you Katy, if I thought you stole this, I'd break every bone in your body. I'm poor enough patience knows but I'm honest, or I wouldn't have to work like a dog to keep soul and body together. Come here and tell me all about it."

The child obeyed.

"Well ! if that ain't a great story !" shouted the woman, clapping her hands to her sides and surveying the little one, who

was evidently very proud of her present. There could not be a greater contrast than between the virago and the child. The former was large and raw-boned, coarse featured, yellow and sallow; the child was sunny, airy, beautiful, in spite of her dress of poverty. She lightened the dark room as if a beam from heaven had strayed in.

"And what do you suppose she's going to give you to-morrow?" asked the woman, hurrying to her wash-tub with a frown, as though she begrudged the few moments she had spent in talk. "I wish she'd take you and keep you."

"O! dear me—I wish she would," echoed little Katy, earnestly.

"You do, do you?" the frown deepened, "after all I've done for you! You're an ungrateful little wretch, and that's a fact; such folk's brats always are. Well, well—go out and get something for you supper with your money, or you won't have any, I can tell you."

The next day little Katy stood expectantly at the corner. Her face was very clean and shining; her hair was combed out, not curled, for her mother, as she called her, had not had time to 'fuss' with it, she said. She looked so pretty, with breathless expectation painted on her face—her cheeks rosy red, her eyes shining, that every body stopped to glance at her.

"O! there she is!" cried Katy, as the same graceful figure she had yesterday seen came in sight. Katy was led into a sheltering place, enveloped in a cloak, a neat bonnet tied over her curls in place of the woolen comforter, full of holes, and then the child was swiftly taken to a pleasant house not far off. Here full of wonder, yet smiling, yet pleased, she waited whatever would come next. She saw on a pretty bed a child's frock of blue—she submitted to have her tresses carefully curled, and then arrayed in the blue dress with its trimmings of white down, she was transformed from a

beggar to the semblance of the child of luxury. If she had been beautiful before—how wondrously lovely was she now! And marvelously it was to see the instant ease, grace and self-possession that followed her arrayment in rich clothing. Carefully instructing her charge how to act, what to do, a carriage was procured, and the lady and the little one drove up to the mansion where the widow mourned in loneliness, and refused to be comforted.

Again the bell rang—Katy was led into the gloom of the rich parlors and there stood trembling while the servant announced her presence.

"A little child!" said the widow eagerly, entering the room, what can a little child want of me? Oh, Katie! have you come from heaven?

These words were uttered in a shrieking voice as the widow sprang towards the child and fell upon her knees, her arms enclasping her. "O! my darling! who are you? what does it mean? her dress—her eyes—her beautiful hair. Am I awake, Katie, Katie, is it you? have you come down from heaven?"

"It is Katy," said a gentle voice—your, Katie if you will, God has sent her."

"What does it mean? May she be mine?" cried the widow, tearfully, holding the child close to her bosom, kissing lips, cheeks and brow,—she *must* be mine; I cannot let her go, so like! so like! My heart yearns for her with a love it has not felt since I buried my darling; oh! sister, are you very sure I can have her?"

"You shall know soon, Annie," said the gentle voice—and soon she knew. The coarse woman was not Katy's mother; she had taken her when an infant from a poor hovel where a woman of refinement lay dying; a widow who had lost husband and worldly possessions, and was a stranger in a strange land. New light came to the childless mother's eyes—new beauty to her

sweet face—the child was like an evangel of love to her—for it was given to her, her little Katie sent from heaven.

Twelve years had passed away, and there was a bridal in the splended mansion of Mrs. Annie Worthington. Katy, the widow's peerless adopted daughter, stood by the side of one of God's ministers—a worthy, some said a wonderful man—wonderful in his gifts and graces—the son of a saint now in glory. As the widow looked on, she recalled the long past, the day when the dear child stood for the first time within her home arrayed in her dead darling's garments. What had she not been to her since then? The greatest comfort God ever gave to mortal being. She had taught her trust and faith in heaven—reconciled her to the will of her Heavenly Father by her own artless piety. The sister who had brought this pearl of a great price to the desolate hearth, slept in a foreign land whither she had gone as a missionary, but her works still spoke of her, still followed and blessed her. The eyes of Mrs. Worthington filled with tears as she threw her arms about the young, fair bride, and invoked a blessing. Then she murmured as she pressed her lips to the pure brow—'This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.'—*Mother's Journal.*

DEAR AURORA:—In each one of your most welcome monthly visits, I have noticed a contribution from some one of the pupils of Brownsville Female College. Now as I had the pleasure of being at Brownsville last week and greatly enjoyed the commencement exercises, I must send you a short sketch of what gave the highest satisfaction to myself and to a large crowd of attentive listeners, composed of citizens of the town and county, together with many visitors from a distance, both male and female.

It was a warm July morning, and on a crowded car we were quite anxious to reach the desired haven before the heat of noon came on. Suddenly our gigantic iron horse emerged from a dense forest, into a

bright open expanse, and in a twinkling, with rapid strides, he whirled us to the Depot, where hacks and coaches awaited the alighting passengers. We took seats in a friend's carriage and were soon pleasantly ensconced in his hospitable domicile. A pleasant ride in the afternoon gave us the opportunity of judging favorably of the town, with its many agreeable shady roads leading in every direction, and for its great tendency towards improvement in buildings, street-making, enclosures, etc. It seemed quite a gala day there, for at every turn we met a buggy or a carriage in full trot—a boy on his poney, in a gallop, or a lady in equestrian attire, taking an evening lope with her brave cavalier at her side. There were ladies, young and old; there were men and boys; there were school girls and smaller children; nurses and baby buggies, promenading the side walks in various parts of the town. One beautifully graded walk, leading from the Public Square to the College, seemed the favorite resort. Along this way it was interesting the next day to see the whole school proceeding to the Church. The pupils were all tastefully dressed in cerelean blue and white; no other color appearing, and their heads most sensibly and appropriately protected from the sun by straw hats. They sat altogether in the body of the Baptist Church, the smaller ones in front and gradually increasing in size towards the rear. It was highly significant of the training they had been receiving, to see their erect posture and quiet yet deeply attentive attitude during the whole of the religious services.

The commencement sermon, delivered by Rev. Mr. Jones of Jackson, did credit to the head and heart of that excellent minister, and was listened to with almost breathless interest. His concluding remarks to the graduating class, were truly excellent and so touching, that few "eyes were undimmed by a tear."

The examination commenced Monday, with the Primary Preparatory Department, and was conducted in such a manner as to be very enlivening even amid the tedium of elementary principles. Specimens of juvenile elocution and of music, vocal and instrumental, were introduced throughout the exercises, to show the progress in these arts and accomplishments.

In every department, the teachers proved by their success in communicating knowledge, that to them it was a "delightful task to teach the young idea how to shoot." Succeeding days were devoted to the examination of the more advanced pupils. An interest was kept up by the variety and by the lively and piquant manner in which the exercises were conducted. The examination of the graduating class elicited the deepest interest. As those eight promising young females, moved to their places, with almost painful anxiety manifested in their countenances, I could not repress a thrill of startling emotion. Before me were specimens of cultivated intelligences in their varied lines of loveliness. There was the open, candid, air, the gentle tone and touch refined; there was inquiring and independent thought; mingling with self-distrusting worth; there was the furtive glance of sparkling wit; blending with diffident superiority; there was the sweet charm of sprightly thoughtfulness; allying its winning graces with the deeper investigating mien of maturer years. Forming these ideas of them at their first appearance, you may judge with what delight I heard their ready and sensible replies to the various intricate questions, which were propounded, not by teacher alone, but by many visitors who were requested to participate in the examination. I am sure I never heard anything more intensely interesting than their examination, particularly on Kame's Elements, and Butler's Analogy. The audience seemed completely satisfied with their youthful attainments. Several gentlemen, of much ability, expressed their gratification; and one, of very peculiar, but brilliant intellect, called aloud, "We are now convinced that those young ladies have prosecuted their studies in such a manner, that hereafter they can easily study *by and for themselves*; and that they can now attain whatever height they may choose, in the realm of mental acquirements."

Of the excellencies of those beautiful essays which were read on Commencement day, it would perhaps be useless for me to speak, since they will all, no doubt, adorn your own bright pages. It was announced by their respected President that he knew that those essays were original, having sug-

gested the subject and the manner of treating them himself. I never felt more completely captivated in my life than I did with the appearance of those fine girls on this important occasion. They were dressed with elegant simplicity: a white embroidered muslin dress, with a blue ribbon knotted tastefully about the waist, and a simple wreath of white flowers—nature's own productions—mingled gracefully with their glossy tresses. Not one article of jewelry, not even a neck-lace or breast-pin. The effect was admirable. Here was manifested the adorning of the mind, which their loved preceptor had ever held up as the conspicuous object of their efforts. This we gathered from the few brief, yet pointed remarks, he made to them, when conferring their beautiful diplomas. There was deep pathos and the tenderest sympathy in many hearts as he handed them back to their parents and to society, and how could I help from moralizing on the manner in which the exercises were conducted. It was evident, from the answers of every class that mounted the platform, that the prominent feature in their culture was, to *train them to think, and to think correctly.*

But my letter is much longer than I had designed, and I have not yet described half. There was the brilliant entertainment, Monday night, of elocution, and French, and English dialogues. The drawing for the prizes by at least thirty girls, who had received no demerit marks during the past year, and who marched out in procession wearing chaplets of flowers and bearing bouquets in token of their honor. Then there was the excellent address of Rev Mr. Drane, of Memphis, before the society Tuesday night; and lastly, concert night, which being highly tasteful and artistic, greatly delighted those who could *hear*. But the large hall was so crowded that it was at once determined, and forthwith effective steps were taken, to erect a thrible sized hall for the next occasion. An elegant complimentary party was given by the young gentlemen, and passed off pleasantly. But now, dear Aurora, I have trespassed long enough on your patience. Yet, I know you would have enjoyed all this as much did your very warm admirer.

DOLLY DANDRIDGE.

Elm Grove, July 1858.

## Editor's Port-Folio.

---

The question whether males and females should be educated in different schools, or whether they should be classed together, without distinction of sex, through the whole course of their mental training, seems to be exciting considerable interest in some quarters. We learn that a memorial has recently been presented to the Board of Trustees of the University of Michigan, petitioning them to admit female students into their University, granting them all the advantages and privileges enjoyed by young men. The Board has taken this matter under consideration, but their final decision is not yet known.

Those who advocate this measure, urge, as reasons for its adoption, that mind knows no sex, and whatever course of mental training is found effectual in the development of one mind would be equally so for another; that, as God has every where mingled the sexes, by placing brothers and sisters to grow up side by side in the same family, it cannot be in accordance with His will to separate them for any considerable period; and, therefore, it cannot be done without loss to both; that young gentlemen and ladies, by being associated together in their collegiate course, would exert a mutually beneficial influence over each other, that the association with the ladies would improve the manners and elevate the morals of young gentlemen, while the constant contact with the masculine mind, in the discus-

sions which daily arise in the recitation room, would greatly strengthen and improve the minds of the ladies.

We confess there is some force in this reasoning, but we are not yet convinced that, on the whole, any thing would be gained by the proposed change. If all the old lines of demarkation between the spheres of the different sexes are to be swept away by woman's-right-ism; if woman is to be man's rival and competitor in all the walks of life, then doubtless the proposed arrangement would be a wise one. But, so long as her sphere is distinct and her duties differ from those of men, it seems desirable that her education should, in some respects at least, be different; and the adaptation of her mental training to her necessities as a woman, can better be secured in separate schools, than if she were educated in the same classes with young gentlemen. That such an arrangement would be beneficial to young men may be admitted, but still the question remains, whether our daughters would not lose more by it than our sons would gain.

---

Seated, this morning, in close proximity to a pile of exchanges, our eyes happened to rest accidentally on a paragraph in 'Life Illustrated,' in which the editor speaks of fourteen young women who recently sacked a grogery in Bristol, Ohio, and destroyed the liquors. For this they were tried in a Justices' Court, and acquitted, on the ground that the grogery was a nuisance, and the girls had a right to abate it. He adds, "We take the above as a decided symptom that if females were allowed to vote and hold office, every grog-shop in the land would be speedily annihilated."

We are fully prepared to admit the importance of the annihilation here spoken of; and we believe, with the above-named edi-

tor, that it is in the power of females to accomplish it. Not, however, by mobocracy, not by exercising the right of suffrage, for which he contends; nor by holding any offices, except those which they hold under God, the offices of mother, daughter, wife, sister, friend; offices which place in their hands more power to affect the weal or woe of the human race than any ever held under civil governments.

Who keep those groggeries, and who frequent them? Are they not every one of them *mothers' sons*? And did not those very mothers make the blackberry cordial, and put the brandy in it and the sugar; and did they not, in summer's heat and winter's cold, give it to their darling boys? Did they not put up the tempting brandy peaches and cherries, and press the juice from the grapes and currants to make wine to grace their side-boards? Did they not bestow more time and attention upon gratifying the palates and adorning the bodies of their children than in cultivating their hearts and minds? And is it not their fault if animal appetite now predominates over their moral and intellectual nature?

Go, ask yonder reeling inebrates, as they stagger through the streets, if they came forth from homes from which alcohol in every form was excluded. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they will tell you no! Their appetite for alcoholic stimulants was formed under the immediate influence of those female friends who should have sought to shield them from the power of temptation. Women create the necessity for groggeries, and support them by sending forth into the world young men predisposed to love the flavor and the stimulus imparted by alcohol. Drunkenness, like charity, begins at home. It begins by tasting the wine, the cordial, the brandy-fruit, etc., and if it is never allowed to have a beginning, the terrible end will most assuredly be avoided. It is in woman's power

to banish alcohol from home, and if this were done universally, in one short generation it would cease to be called for at the groggeries; and thus would become extinct, as a matter of necessity.

But, says our mother, and her voice is echoed by hundreds of others, "These things are so fashionable that I should not like to be without them." Ah, here is the difficulty! What we need to reform the world, is, not to take woman out of her sphere and send her forth to vote at the polls, to hold public offices and to harangue promiscuous assemblages; but to elevate her morally and intellectually above the tyranny of custom, so that, while she carefully cultivates all the graceful requirements that truly adorn her sex, she may cultivate also that strength of moral principle which will enable her to dare to do right, and to inquire what is duty, rather than what is fashion.

True, wine, and cordial, and brandy-fruit are very fashionable in some quarters, but where are the sons raised in those fashionable families going to? Look around you and see. With very few exceptions they are becoming the victims of intemperance and vice. In one generation their property will have passed into other hands, and their names be remembered only to be execrated. We need, in our homes, mothers who feel that the temporal and eternal interests of their children impose obligations upon them, more sacred than their allegiance to custom. Woman has in her hands a power almost unlimited, and did she but use it aright, it would prove, next to the Christian religion, the most efficient agency in the removal of moral and social evils. 'Tis hers to watch the creeping tendrils of the infant minds as they put forth in search of light and knowledge, and it is her privilege to twine them around the pillars of truth and virtue. We would not have her leave the domestic hearth and mingle in the

strife of politics, that by her presence she may restrain the disorders that prevail around the polls, but we would have her watch so narrowly the unfolding character of the next generation of voters that, with the blessing of God on her faithful endeavors, there will soon be no disorders to be repressed.

The editor of 'Life Illustrated' talks like a very sensible man on most subjects, but when he advocates female suffrage, and office-holding, and lynch-lawing, we think he has mistaken the direction in which the power of woman can best be exerted for the benefit of the human race.

It is the glory of manhood to possess, in their highest degree of perfection, the manly attributes and virtues. Woman's glory consists, not in being like him, but in the full and harmonious development of her own peculiar characteristics. Neither sex can lay aside its distinctive traits and approximate the other, without loss of true dignity. Whenever we look upon a human biped, clothed in the habiliments of a man, but with effeminate face peering out of clusters of curls, and fair delicate hands glittering with rings; emotions of contempt instinctively arise. We feel that he is a burlesque upon the true man, who, with strong hand and brave heart, is prepared to grapple successfully with the stern realities of life—to level the mountain and raise the valley, and bring the physical world into sub serviency to his wishes. The masculine who glories in soft hands, jewelry and perfumes, and scorns contact with the rough protuberances of material world, cannot command the respect due to a man, nor awaken the love which is awarded to the gentler qualities of woman. So the female who unsexes herself by departing from the sphere in which the Creator designed she should move, loses her power as a woman, without attaining to the strength of manhood.—Woman's power lies in her access to the

human heart, through her affections and moral sensibilities. She naturally shrinks from direct contact with the outer world, and she cannot do violence to her own nature without inflicting injury upon society. Force of character, decision, energy, and self-reliance she needs, but these are not at variance with true feminine delicacy, and she can find ample scope for the exercise of those qualities, without entering upon scenes repugnant to her womanly instincts. Where her mission of labor and love is properly fulfilled, she will not be needed at the polls, in public offices, at the bar, or in the pulpit; for her influence will have placed in those positions men who are capable of seeing that the affairs of the outer world are wisely managed.

The following extract is taken from a letter written in Ireland, in 1752—one hundred and six years ago. The words were addressed by one church member to another, at a time when difficulties had arisen in the denomination to which they belonged. In comparing these words with the writings of some of those who claim to be Christian writers of the present day, we are forced to the conclusion that the present century is not much in advance of the last in exemplifying the true spirit of Christianity. If the suggestions here made were carefully carried out by all who profess to love the cause of Christ, how soon would the dissensions which now disturb the peace of our Zion, be forgotten!

"Though, as thou sayest, 'things look bad, let us look well at home; and as we are incapable, in a great degree, of doing any thing to make matters better, let us not make them worse, and the breach wider in the enmity, by saying or doing any thing in our own unregenerated wills, and natural heat of temper, which may hurt, instead of furthering others. For the enemy works in us with the engines and tools of our corrupt nature, which he finds there: and so

crafty is the serpent, that he will seem to employ these weapons for the good cause, *against* himself; whereas, he works in a mystery *for* himself, *against* the cause, by raising heats, and divisions, and hardness of heart between brethren. But let us endeavor, as much as in us lies, to live peaceably with all men, and if we see a brother offend in breaking any branch of our Christian testimony, and by the fire of pure zeal warming and cleansing our own hearts, we find that the truth, as will often be the case, calls for a witness to it, let us wait to be guided by the spirit of love and meekness, to bear our innocent, faithful testimony; and if it be not received, stand in the counsel of the same spirit, and let not that get up which would render evil for evil, but overcome evil with good."

the tenderest confidence, and for each other the warmest love; but only a brief time can pass ere they will discover that the harmonious progression of two minds, each of which has gained an individual and independent movement, is not always a thing of easy attainment. Too soon, alas! is felt a jar of discord—too soon self-will claims an individual freedom of action that is not fully accorded; and unless there is wisdom and forbearance, temporary or permanent unhappiness is sure to follow."

As specimens of the advice given to avoid such a result, we give the following:

"Make it an established rule to consult your wife on all occasions, *your* interest is *hers*; and undertake no plan contrary to her advice and approbation. Independently of better motives, what a responsibility does it free you from; for, if the affair turn out ill you are spared reproaches, both from her and from your own feelings. But, the fact is, she who ought to have the most influence on her husband's mind, is often precisely the person who has least; and a man will frequently take the advice of a stranger, who cares not for him or his interest, in preference to the cordial and sensible opinion of his wife. A due consideration of the domestic evils such a line of conduct is calculated to produce, might, one would think, be sufficient to prevent its adoption; but, independent of these, policy should influence you; for there is in woman an intuitive quickness, a sagacity, a penetration, and a foresight into the probable consequences of an event, that make her peculiarly calculated to give her opinion and advice. 'If I was making up a plan of consequence,' said the great Lord Bolingbroke, 'I should like first to consult with a sensible woman.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Never witness a tear from your wife with apathy or indifference. Words, looks, actions, all may be artificial, but a tear is unequivocal; it comes direct from the heart, and speaks at once the language of truth, nature, and sincerity! Be assured, when you see a tear on her cheek, her heart is touched; and do not, I again repeat it, do not behold it with coldness or insensibility."

"Should illness, or suffering of any kind, assail your wife, your tenderness and atten-

## Book Notices.

THE WEDDING GUEST: A Tale of the Bride and Bridegroom. By T. S. ARTHUR.

The above is the title of a volume recently issued by Peck & Bliss, Philadelphia. Its design is to illustrate and enforce the duties arising from the conjugal relation. It contains sketches, essays and poetry, exhibiting the beauty of domestic happiness, and pointing out the errors to be avoided, and the course to be pursued by those who would attain to it. It would be a very appropriate wedding gift, either to a bride or a bridegroom, and we wish it could be placed in the hands of every newly-married pair. We subjoin a few extracts:

"There is no relation in life so important, none involving so much of happiness or misery, as that of husband and wife. Yet, how rarely is it that the parties, when contracting this relation, have large experience, clear insight into character, or truly know themselves. In each other they may have

tion are then peculiarly called for; and is she a woman of sensibility, believe me, a look of love, a word of pity or sympathy will, at times, have a better effect than the prescriptions of her physician."

\* \* \* \* \*

I know not any attention which renders a woman at all times so agreeable to her husband, as cheerfulness and good humor. It possesses the powers ascribed to magic. It gives charms where charms are not, and imparts beauty to the plainest face. Full of cares and business what a relaxation to a man is the cheerful countenance and pleasant voice of the gentle mistress of his home. On the contrary, a gloomy dissatisfied manner is the poison of affection, and though a man may not seem to notice it, it is chilling and repulsive to his feelings, and he will be very apt to seek elsewhere for those smiles and that cheerfulness which he finds not in his own home. If possible, let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. As long as he possesses the character he will take some pains to deserve it, but when he has once lost the name he will be very apt to abandon the reality altogether."

\* \* \* \* \*

"There are few husbands so bad as to be destitute of good qualities, and probably very decided ones. Let the wife search out, and accustom herself to dwell on those good qualities, and let her treat her *own* errors, not her *husband's* with severity. I have seldom known a dispute between man and wife, in which faults on both sides were not conspicuous, and really it is no wonder, for we are so quick-sighted to the imperfections of others, so blind and lenient to our own, we throw all the blame in cases of discord, upon the opposite party, and never think of accusing ourselves."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Particularly shun what the world calls in ridicule 'curtain lectures.' When you both enter your room at night, and shut your door, endeavor to shut out at the same moment, all discord and contention, and look on your chamber as a 'retreat from the vexations of the world, a shelter sacred to peace and affection.'

WILL R. GULLEY I respectfully call the attention of the readers of the AURORA to the fact that I have disposed of my interest as its publisher, to Mr. W. R. GULLEY, who will henceforth perform all business pertaining to its publication. I shall continue to edit and publish the "South-Western Dollar Weekly." Believing that a concentration of individual energy on both these publications will lead to their success, and as the new arrangement will enable the publishers to issue them more promptly, it is presumed the change will be satisfactory to all concerned.

With earnest desire for the success of the Aurora, and long years of pleasure in its perusal for its readers,

I remain, respectfully,

THOS. M. HUGHES.

It is generally expected when a new publisher takes charge of a magazine or paper, that he will indulge somewhat in promises for the future, informing his patrons what he intends to perform in order to render the publication more attractive. For once, we will make an exception to the time-honored custom (?) and let the future speak plainly of our present intentions.

To retain and merit the patronage at present bestowed upon the "Aurora," is the earnest wish of the publisher.

WILL R. GULLEY.

Rev. W. S. PERRY is authorised to receive subscriptions, collect monies, appoint agents, and transact any other business pertaining to the AURORA.